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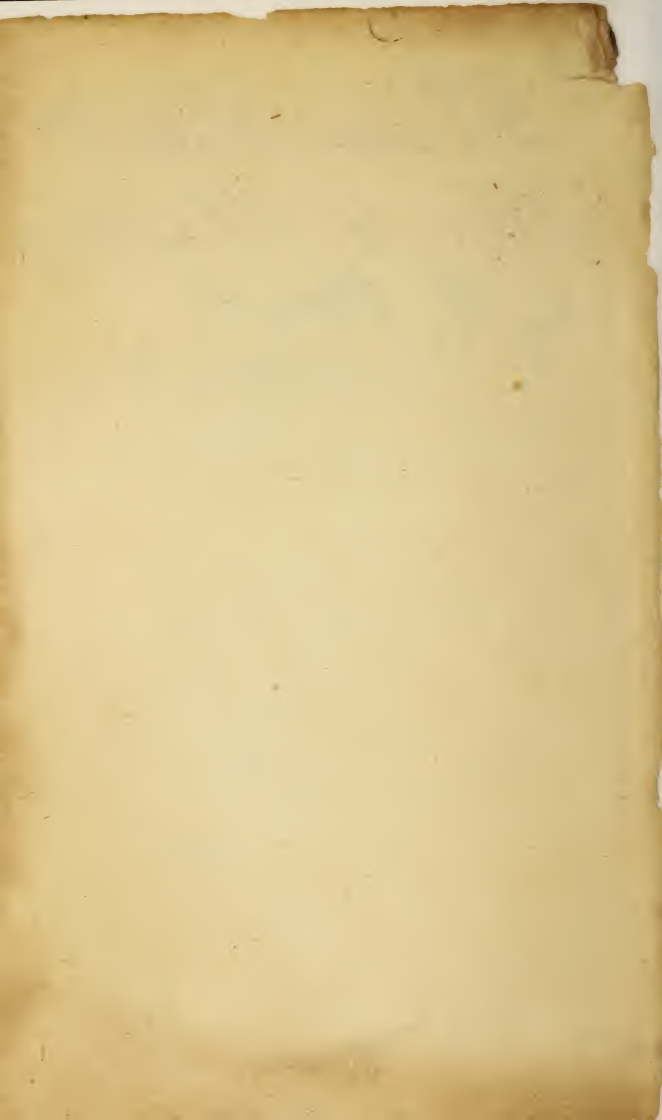
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Presented to  
Rev. M. Sheelsig  
by L. May C.  
Ev. Ministers,








Mr. Peckham,

Oct. 11, 1856.





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*Lewis H. Boyle*

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
HYMNS AND PRAYERS,  
FOR  
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

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Published by order of the Evangelical Lutheran  
Joint Synod of Ohio.

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ZANESVILLE,

PRINTED AT THE LUTHERAN STANDARD OFFICE.

1845.





Wm. D. Davis

PROFESSOR

OF

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



## PREFACE.

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THE publication of this book was called for by the unanimous voice of the Ev. Lutheran Synod of Ohio. The increasing demand for hymn-books; the difficulty of obtaining them from the East; the very high price at which they were usually sold: and above all the strange bias of many hymns in the book, hitherto used,—induced the publication of the present work.

A joint committee was appointed by the three branches of the above synod, to prepare a suitable book. The committee endeavored, so far as practical, to follow their instructions, viz. to make the "General Synod's" book, (because introduced to a considerable extent,) the basis of the new selection, so that the books might be used conjointly. It will be perceived, that this book, in its arrangement, essentially differs, in some important features, from the old collection'—the hymns were mainly selected from the hymn-book, published by the "General Synod," some were added from the hymn-book of the Ev. Lutheran Synod of New York," a small number from the "Common Prayer-Book," and a few from other sources. Had the committee been less restricted in their choice, a better selection would have been made. The "Prayers for Families and Individuals," appended to the hymn-book of the "Ev. Lutheran Synod of New York," were also added,—it is hoped that they may aid the devotion and promote the edification of church-members.

The committee by no means claim infallibility for themselves, nor perfection for their work. As it is, they believe this book to be better adapted to the views and wants, and more acceptable to the members, of



## PREFACE.

the congregations of the Ev. Lutheran Church in the West, than the old collection has been.

The number of *all* the hymns will be found on the upper margin of the page, and the *original* number of those selected from the "General Synod's" hymn-book is given in brackets,—all other hymns were selected from other sources. The pages are numbered below.

May God attend this work with his divine blessing, to the edification and spiritual advancement of all who may use it,—is the sincere prayer of

THE HYMN-BOOK COMMITTEE.



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# HYMNS.

## I. OF GOD.

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### 1. THE BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1. (14.) L. M.

*The Spirituality of God, John iv. 24.*

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God! a spirit pure,  
Invisible to mortal eyes;  
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,  
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works  
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,  
Thy essence pure no change shall see,  
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand  
Can draw thy image spotless fair!  
To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
Can men th' immortal King compare!
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods,  
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone;  
Ours is the God that made the heavens;  
Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore;  
More shall this please than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms delight him more.



## 2. (16.) L. M.

*God supreme and self-sufficient.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright;  
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!  
Creation rose at his command;  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop;  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon:  
No ebb his sea of glory knows;  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise,  
All nature dwell upon the sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

## 3. (18.) L. M.

*Unity of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause  
Of earth, and seas and worlds unknown;



All things are subject to thy laws;  
All things depend on thee alone.

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possest;  
By none control'd in thy commands,  
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;  
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:  
All other gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,  
Fountain of peace and joy and love!  
Thy favor only makes us blest;  
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs:  
Worship to thee alone we give;  
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory we would live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;  
Their idol-deities dethrone;  
Subdue the world to thy commands,  
And reign as thou art, God alone.

4. (19.) L. M.

— *God Incomprehensible.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, in vain man's narrow view,  
Attempts to look thy nature through.  
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,  
Thy glories never can be known
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,



Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal men to know ;  
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,  
'Thro' all thy works and conduct shine

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace,  
Explore thy sacred truth, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will!

5.

(20.)

~~L. M.~~

C. M.

*God eternal and unchangeable.*

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!  
How frail and weak are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood;  
Ere earth or heav'n was made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time all open lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the last awful day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present to thy view.  
To thee there's nothing old appears,  
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares;



While thine eternal thought moves on.  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou!  
How frail and weak are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

6. (21.) L. M.

- 1 **A**LL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,  
Who all creation dost sustain!  
Thou wast, and art, and art to come;  
And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,  
Each glorious attribute divine,  
Thro' ages infinite, shall still  
With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being! source of good!  
Immutable dost thou remain;  
Nor can the shadow of a change  
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,  
Revolving seasons cease their round;  
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,  
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd:
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course;  
The sun his destin'd path forsake;  
And burning desolation mark  
Amid the world his wand'ring track.
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,  
If such the great Creator's will;  
But thou forever art the same;  
"I am" is thy memorial still.



7. (22.) L. M.

*God Almighty.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;  
 Ascribe due honors to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,  
 O'er the vast ocean and the land;  
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,  
 And lay the forest bare around;  
 The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,  
 Confess the terror of the sound.
- 4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,  
 And palaces and temples shake.  
 The mountains tremble at the noise,  
 The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood;  
 The Thund'rer reigns forever King;  
 But makes his church his blest abode,  
 Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 We see no terrors in his name,  
 But in our God a Father find.  
 The voice that shakes all nature's frame,  
 Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

8. (25.) L. M.

*God Omnipresent and Omniscient.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;  
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,



My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

- 2 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love;  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes.  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

9.. (26.) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee!  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.



- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
 Before they're form'd within;  
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
 Where can a creature hide?  
 Within thy circling arms I lie,  
 Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
 And like a bulwark prove,  
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

## 10. (27.) C. M.

*God's Wisdom.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God:  
 He hath my heart, and he my tongue,  
 To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!  
 How glorious in our sight!  
 And men in ev'ry age have sought  
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!  
 How wise th' eternal mind!  
 His counsels never change the scheme  
 That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd the sons of men,  
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure,  
 The orders, that his lips pronounce,  
 To endless years endure.



- 5 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,  
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim.  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy name?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill;  
 And he's the wisest of our race,  
 Who best obeys thy will.

11. (28.) C. M.

*God Holy and Just.*

- 1 **H**OLY and rev'rend is the name  
 Of our eternal King.  
 Thrice holy, Lord! the angels cry:  
 Thrice holy, let us sing.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
 And saints are his delight;  
 But sinners and their wicked ways  
 Are hateful in his sight.
- 3 The deepest rev'rence, homage, love,  
 Pay, O my soul, to God;  
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
 To his sublime abode.
- 4 Thou, righteous God! preserve my mind  
 From all pollution free;  
 Thine image form within my breast,  
 That I thy face may see.

12. (29.) C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise;  
 He sees our inmost mind.  
 In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
 And leave our souls behind.



- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne.  
 With honor can appear.  
 The painted hypocrites are known  
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
 Their bended knees the ground:  
 But God abhors the sacrifice,  
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord! search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
 And make my soul sincere:  
 Then shall I stand before thy face,  
 And find acceptance there.

13. (30.) C. M.

*God no Respector of Persons.*

- 1 **W**ITH eye impartial, heav'n's high King  
 Surveys each human tribe;  
 No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,  
 Nor wealth his favor bribe,
- 2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,  
 His pow'rful hand did frame;  
 All souls are his, and him alike  
 Their common Parent claim.
- 3 Ye sons of men of high degree,  
 Your great Superior own;  
 Praise him for all his gifts, and pay  
 Your homage at his throne.
- 4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,  
 And banish ev'ry fear:  
 The God you serve will ne'er forsake  
 The man of heart sincere.



## 14. (32.) C. M.

*God Benevolent and Merciful.*

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;  
Thou dost with sinners bear;  
That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,  
To ev'ry soul abound;  
A vast unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are;  
A rock which cannot move:  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure;  
And, while the truth of God remains,  
His goodness must endure.

## 15. (34.) C. M.

*God Gracious to All.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
O Go d, my heav'nly King!



Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies.  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

16. (36.) S. M.

*God's Mercy great and eternal.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;  
And, when his wrath is felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are raised  
Above the ground we tread,



So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His grace subdues our sins;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower!  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

17. (37.) L. M

*The glory of God.*

1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,  
Attempt the great Creator's praise;  
But who an equal song can frame?  
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,  
And glory like a garment wears;  
While boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

3 Before his throne a shining band  
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;



Ethereal spirits, who in flight  
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.

- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,  
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,  
He raised the glorious arch on high,  
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines.  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,  
Let us his high perfections sing:  
O let his praise employ our tongue,  
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song!

18. (38.) C. M.

*God is Love*, 1 John, iv. 8.

- 1 **A**MID the splendors of thy state,  
My God, thy *love* appears,  
With the soft radiance of the moon  
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round  
Thy boundless *power* proclaims.  
And, in melodious accent, speaks  
The *goodness* of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,  
Our solemn awe excite;  
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace  
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
Thunders thy dreadful name;



But Sion sings, in melting notes,  
The honors of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,  
Thy counsels and designs,  
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,  
Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim  
Through earth and heaven above,  
The joyful, the transporting news,  
That God, the Lord is *Love*!

## 2. OF THE TRINITY.

19. (41.) C. M.

*The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.* Eph. ii. 18.

1 **F**ATHER of glory! to thy name  
Immortal praise we give,  
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the Son,  
Who makes thine anger cease;  
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,  
And died to make our peace.

3 To thý Almighty Spirit be  
Immortal glory given,  
Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,  
Adore th' eternal God,  
And spread his honors and their joys  
Through nations far abroad.



- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
 One general song to raise;  
 Let saints in earth and heaven combine  
 In harmony and praise.

## 20.

L. M.

- 1 **O** HOLY, holy, holy Lord,  
 Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,  
 Forever be thy name adored,  
 Thy glories let the world proclaim.
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
 To take our load of sins away,  
 Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
 Along the realms of upper day;
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,  
 In streams of light and glory given;  
 The source of ecstasy and love,  
 Thy praises ring through earth and heaven!
- 4 O God triune! to thee we owe  
 Our every thought our every song;  
 And ever may thy praises flow  
 From saint and seraph's burning tongue!

## 21.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose love profound,  
 A ransom for our souls hath found,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us thy pardoning love extend!
- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us thy saving grace extend!



- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death,  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us thy quickening power extend!
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,  
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!  
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;  
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

## 3. THE WORKS OF GOD.

22. (58.) C. M.

*God's Love displayed in Creation.*

- 1 **H**AIL, great Creator, wise and good!  
 To thee our songs we raise.  
 Nature, thro' all her various scenes,  
 Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
 Fresh wonders strike our view;  
 And while we gaze, our hearts exult,  
 With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,  
 Which gilds the gloom of night;  
 And decks the smiling face of morn  
 With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,  
 With countless beauties shine:  
 The silent grove, the awful shade,  
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes  
 Our serious hours engage!



Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works' instructive page!

- 6 And while in all thy wondrous works,  
Thy varied love we see;  
Still may the contemplation lead  
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

23. (59.) L. M.

*Works of God.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The works of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What tho' nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,



Forever singing, as they shine—  
The hand that made us is divine.

24. (60.) C. M.

*All things dependent on God.*

- 1 **W**E sing th' almighty pow'r of God,  
Who bade the mountains rise,  
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fills the earth with food;  
Who form'd his creatures by a word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er we turn our eyes:  
Whether we view the ground we tread,  
Or gaze upon the skies!
- 5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 On him each moment we depend;  
If he withdraw, we die.  
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,  
Who is forever nigh!



25. (61.) L. M.

*The Riches of divine Goodness.*

- 1 **L**ET the high heav'ns your songs invite;  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;  
Peopled with life of various forms,  
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns.  
That band remotest nations joins;  
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But O! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made!
- 5 Thither my soul, with rapture soar;  
There in the land of praise adore!  
The theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day.

4. PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

26. (65.) C. M.

*Volume of divine Providence.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abas'd before the Lord!  
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,  
He governs with a word.



- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought,  
All the long years and worlds to come,  
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm  
O'erlook'd in his decrees,  
He raises monarchs to a throne,  
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course I go,  
'Tis he provides the rays;  
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,  
I would not wish to know,  
What in the book of his decrees  
Awaits me here below.
- 6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r :  
Whate'er my lot shall be,  
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form  
My soul for heav'n and thee !

27. (67.) L. M.

*God provides for All.*

- 1 **G**REATEST of beings, source of life,  
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea !  
All nature feels thy pow'r ; but man  
A grateful tribute pays to thee.
- 2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,  
And from thy goodness seeks supplies ;  
And, when oppress'd with guilt, he mourns,  
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.



- 3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,  
 Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;  
 And men, whom reason lifts to God,  
 Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n;
- 4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,  
 And faint and tremble near the tomb,  
 Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,  
 Sigh for that better state to come:
- 5 All, great Creator! all are thine;  
 All feel thy providential care;  
 And, thro' each varying scene of life,  
 Alike thy constant pity share.
- 6 And, whether grief oppress the heart,  
 Or whether joy elate the breast,  
 Or life still keep its little course,  
 Or death invite the heart to rest:
- 7 All are thy messengers, and all  
 Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;  
 And all are training man to dwell  
 Nearer to bliss; and nearer thee.

28. (68.) L. M.

*God's Appointments Wise and Good.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting scene  
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,  
 Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,  
 The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
 To all their necessary share  
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.



- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r?  
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?  
When most secure, the coming hour,  
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer;  
Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh;  
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,  
That secret wets the widow's eye.
- 5 All things on earth, and all in heav'n  
On thy eternal will depend;  
And all for greater good were giv'n,  
Would man pursue th' appointed end
- 6 Be this my care:—To all beside,  
Indiff'rent let my wishes be.  
Passion be calm, abas'd be pride,  
And fix'd my soul, great God! on thee.

29. (71.) L. M.

*God the Refuge of his Children.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of deep distress invade.  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world:  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar:  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.



- 4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord! thy word  
Does ev'ry rising fear control.  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And well sustain the fainting soul.

## 30. (73.) L. M.

*God appointeth Afflictions.*

- 1 **N**OT from relentless fate's dark womb,  
Or from the dust, our troubles come.  
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,  
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!  
The cause and cure of your complaints.  
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will:  
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees, we need the painful yoke;  
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke.  
He takes no pleasure in our smart,  
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.
- 4 Bless'd trials those, that cleanse from sin,  
And make the soul all pure within,  
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,  
To seek and taste celestial joys!

## 31. (74.) C. M.

*God a present Help in Trouble.*

- 1 **T**O calm the sorrows of the mind,  
Our heav'nly Friend is nigh,  
To wipe the anxious tear that starts  
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,  
The secret wo control;



The inward malady canst heal,  
The sickness of the soul.

3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh ;  
Canst soothe each mortal care ;  
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan  
Is wafted to thine ear.

4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;  
Thy potent arm can save  
From threat'ning danger and disease,  
And the devouring grave.

5 When, pale and languid all the frame,  
The ruthless hand of pain  
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,  
The help of man is vain.

6 'Tis thou, great God! alone canst check  
The progress of disease ;  
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,  
The high command obeys.

7 Eternal source of life and health,  
And ev'ry bliss we feel !  
In sorrow and in joy, to thee  
Our grateful hearts appeal.

32. (77.) L. M.

*The people of God safe.*

1 **T**HEY, that have made their refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode ;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest their head.

2 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire :



God is their life; his wings are spread,  
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.

3 If vapors with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death:  
Still they are safe; the poison'd air  
Again grows pure, if God be there.

4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord,  
To strike his saints among the rest:  
Their very pains and death are blest.

5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord! to thee.

33. (78.) C. M.

*Trust in the Promises of God.*

1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
To dissipate our fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God forever near?

2 Doth thy right-hand, which form'd the earth,  
And bears up all the skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise?

3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls  
To that delightful scene,  
Where rivers of salvation flow  
Through pastures ever green?



4 On thy support our souls shall lean,  
And banish ev'ry care;  
The gloomy vale of death shall smile,  
If God be with us there.

5 While we his gracious succor prove,  
'Midst all our various ways,  
The darkest shades, thro' which we pass,  
Shall echo with his praise.

34. (80.) C. M.

1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God!  
With rays of mercy shine:  
O let thy favor crown our days,  
And their whole course be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain:  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.

3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,  
And sow the precious grain;  
'Tis thine, to give the sun and air,  
And to command the rain.

4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
Since each by thee is lent.

5 Thus cheer us thro' this toilsome road,  
Till all our labors cease;  
And thus prepare our weary souls  
For everlasting peace.



## 35. (81.) C. M.

*In Travelling.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
They pass unhurt thro' burning climes,  
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,  
Makes ev'ry region please;  
The hoary frozen hills it warms,  
And smooths the boist'rous seas.
- 4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
- 5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.
- 6 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord!  
Thy mercy sets me free;  
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r  
My heart takes hold on thee.
- 7 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.



- 8 My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And, oh! may death, when death shall come,  
 Unite my soul to thee!

36. (82.) C. M.

*Dark Providence.* I Cor. xiii. 9, 12.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea;  
 Thy paths I cannot trace:  
 Nor comprehend the mystery  
 Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
 My captive soul surround;  
 Mysterious deeps of providence  
 My wond'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As thro' a glass, I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love;  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above!
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will:  
 I bless thee for the sight;  
 When will thy love the rest reveal,  
 In glory's clearer light?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey  
 Thy providence and grace;  
 And spend an everlasting day  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

37. (84.) L. M.

*Providence.*

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord! with wise design,  
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,



And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.

- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uney'd  
Are led or driven only where  
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way:  
But whilst they trust thy guardian eye,  
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

38. (86.) L. M.

*Consolatory Reflections on Providence.*

- 1 **T**HIS wisdom, mercy, love divine,  
Which mingles blessings with our cares;  
And shall our thankless hearts repine  
That we obtain not all our prayers?
- 2 From diffidence our sorrows flow,  
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,



Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,  
And doubt if providence be kind.

- 3 Should heaven with every wish comply,  
Say, would the grant relieve the care?  
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,  
Might change its name and prove a snare.
- 4 Were once our vain desires subdu'd,  
The will resign'd, the heart at rest ;  
In every scene we should conclude,  
The will of heaven is right, is best.

39. (88.) C. M.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;  
Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy, which like a river flows  
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell :  
God will these pow'rs restrain ;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good :  
He will for his provide,  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And give them heav'n beside.
- 4 Fear not, that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone :  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Nor death's tremendous sting :



He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.

- 6 You in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
May confidently trust:  
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,  
His grace rewards the just.

40.

C. M.

*God's Providence and the Folly of Self-dependence.*

- 1 **G**OD reigns ; events in order flow,  
Man's industry to guide :  
But in a diff'rent channel go,  
To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift not always, in the race,  
Shall seize the crowning prize ;  
Not always wealth and honor grace  
The labors of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals but themselves beguile,  
When on themselves they rest :  
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,  
By thee, O Lord, unblest'd.
- 4 Evil and good before thee stand,  
Their mission to perform :  
The sun shines bright at thy command,  
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 5 O Lord in all our ways we'll own  
Thy providential pow'r ;  
Entrusting to thy care alone  
The lot of ev'ry hour.



## 5. PRAISE TO GOD.

41. (44.) L. M.

*Praise to God as the Creator and Preserver.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy:  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men,  
 And when like wand'ring-sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:  
 What lasting honors shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
 High as the Heav'ns our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

42. (45.) C. M.

*Praise to God for Preservation and Redemption.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
 With songs of sacred praise;  
 For He is good, immensely good,  
 And kind are all his ways.



- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;  
In him we live and move:  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms.  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy almighty love  
What honors shall we raise?  
Not all the raptur'd songs above  
Can render equal praise.

43. (46.) L. M.

*Praise for the Mercies of God.*

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise!  
Mercy and truth are all his ways.  
Wonders of grace to God belong:  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more:



3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high.  
Wonders of grace to God belong:  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
4. He fills the sun with morning light;  
He bids the moon direct the night.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
5. He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.  
Wonders of grace to God belong:  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
6. Through this vain world he guides our feet;  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

44. (47.) P. M.

1. **I**'LL praise my Maker, whilst I've breath;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past  
Whilst life and thought and being last,  
Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God, who made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train.  
His truth forever stands secure;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;  
And none shall find his promise vain.
3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind;



He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
 He helps the stranger in distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless,  
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4. I'll praise him, while he lends me breath ;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 Whilst life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

45. (50.) S. M.

1. **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing !  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.
2. He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne ;  
 Come, bow before the Lord.  
 We are his works and not our own ;  
 He form'd us by his word.
4. To day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God !

46. (51.) C. M.

1. **I**NDULGENT Father ! how divine,  
 How bright, thy bounties are !



Through nature's ample round they shine  
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in the nobler work of grace,  
What sweeter mercy smiles  
In my benign Redeemer's face,  
And ev'ry fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,  
To thee my thanks shall rise,  
When morning ushers in the day,  
Or ev'ning veils the skies.

4 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,  
Thy praise shall tune my breath.  
The sweet remembrance of thy name  
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But oh! how blest my song shall rise,  
When freed from feeble clay,  
And all thy glories meet mine eyes  
In one eternal day.

6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name  
Through yon ethereal plains,  
Shall glow with a diviner flame,  
Or raise sublimer strains.

47. (52.) C. M.

1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,  
God of eternal love!  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown;  
And let his praise be great:



I'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,  
Shall through the world be known:  
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,  
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

48. (53.) S. M.

1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul!  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;  
'Tis He relieves thy pain;



'Tis He that heals thy sickness.  
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When rescu'd from the grave;  
He, that redeem'd our souls from death,  
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;  
He gives the suff'ers rest.  
'The Lord hath justice for the proud,  
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

49. (54.) L. M.

1 **I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand,  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand.  
How numberless those bounties are!  
How rich, how various, and how fair!

2 But O! what poor returns I make!  
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!  
Lord! I confess with humble shame,  
'My off'rings scarce deserve the name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise  
To bring some nobler sacrifice.  
It sinks beneath the mighty load:  
What shall I render to my God?

4 To him I consecrate my praise,  
And vow the remnant of my days.



Yet, what at best, I can pretend,  
Worthy such gifts from such a friend?

5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see  
My emptiness and poverty.  
Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
And make me worthier to be thine.

6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
That heav'n may echo with my song.  
The theme, too great for time, shall be  
The joy of long eternity.

50. (56.) C. M.

*God glorious and Sinners saved, Rom. i. 30.*  
v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orts proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,  
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's law,  
The dying Son atones;  
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross!  
The triumph of his groans!



- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains;  
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song;  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

## 51.

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH transport, Lord! we view the page,  
 Where all thy mercies shine;  
 And joy to tell the rising age,  
 What boundless grace is thine.
- 2 The world, with all its shifting schemes,  
 Time, with its fleeting hours,  
 Life, with its gay and flatt'ring dreams,  
 Its hopes and fears, is ours.
- 3 Death, also, at our Father's word,  
 Lays all its terrors by;  
 Gently divides the silver cord,  
 And calls us to the sky.
- 4 Fain would our hearts a tribute bring,  
 Before our Father's throne;  
 A tribute worthy of our King,  
 Whose mercies are unknown.

## 52.

P. M. 7s.

*Songs of Praise.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
 Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,



When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.

3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day.  
God will make new heav'ns and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No!—the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death:  
'Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ.

53.

L. M.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne  
Burns with a lustre all its own:



In shining ranks beneath thy feet,  
 Angelic pow'rs and splendors meet.

- 3 Lord, what shall feeble mortals do?  
 We would adore our Maker too:  
 With lowly minds to thee we cry,  
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 God is in heav'n, and man below:  
 Short be our tunes, our words be few:  
 Let sacred rev'rence check our songs,  
 And praise sit silent on our tongues.

## II. FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

54. (89.) C. M.

*Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,  
 Adam, our father, stood,  
 Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
 And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
 To sinful joys inclin'd;  
 Reason has lost its native place,  
 And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,  
 Sin is the sweetest good:  
 We fancy music in our chains,  
 And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,  
 Our broken powers restore,



Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.

- 5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

55. (90.) C. M.

*Original Sin; or the first and second Adam.*  
Rom. v. 12. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look,  
On our original;  
How is our nature dash'd and broke  
In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill;  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!  
How obstinate our will!
- 3 How strong in our degenerate blood,  
The old corruption reigns,  
And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
Wanders through all our veins!
- 4 Wild and unwholesome as the root  
Will all the branches be;  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree?
- 5 What mortal power from things unclean,  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?



6 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous love  
 Can make our nature clean,  
 While Christ and grace prevail above  
 The tempter, death, and sin.

7 The second Adam shall restore  
 The ruins of the first,  
 Hosanna to that sovereign power  
 That new-creates our dust!

56. (91.) C. M.

*The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

1 **S**IN hath a thousand treacherous arts  
 To practise on the mind;  
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts.  
 But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives  
 The aged and the young;  
 And while the heedless wretch believes,  
 She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
 And gives a fair pretence;  
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
 And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,  
 Grew the forbidden food;  
 Our mother took the poison there,  
 And tainted all her blood.

57. (95.) C. M.

*The World's three chief Temptations*

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine  
 We look on things below,



Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too!

2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath;  
Yet men expose their blood,  
And venture everlasting death  
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
And feed on shining dust,  
They rob the serpent of his food  
T' indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dangerous snares to souls;  
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice;  
In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

58. (96.) C. M.

*The End of the World.*

1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And every pleasure dies?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares,  
Our comforts to devour,



There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his power.

- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea forever fly  
Before the Savior's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground?

59. (97.) L. M.

*The Vanity of earthly Things.*

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,  
The boasted splendor of the great?  
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,  
And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,  
That we their merits may descry;  
Tell us what good they can produce,  
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,  
To them for pardon we should pray,  
Will they restore our peace within,  
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,  
Nature with power divine renew,  
With pure and sacred transports fire  
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,  
And yield all comforts here for lost,



Will they support us, will they give  
Kind succor, when we need it most?

- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar  
To hear our final doom we stand,  
Can they incline the Judge to spare,  
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?
- 7 Can they protect us from despair,  
From the dark reign of death and hell,  
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where  
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,  
If these reliefs they cannot grant;  
Why should we such delusions prize,  
And pine in everlasting want?

60.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall dreams of creature-bliss  
Our flatt'ring hopes employ,  
And mock our fond deluded eyes  
With visionary joy?
- 2 How wretched they, that leave the Lord,  
And from his word withdraw,  
That lose his gospel from their sight  
And wander from his law!
- 3 O thou eternal spring of good,  
Whence living waters flow!  
Let not our thirsty erring souls  
To broken sisterns go.
- 4 Like characters inscrib'd in dust,  
Are sinners borne away;  
And all the treasures they can boast,  
The portion of a day.



## 61.

C. M.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God! with pitying eye  
The sons of men survey.  
Alas! how thoughtless mortals sport  
In sin's destructive way!
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,  
To bear them to the tomb:  
Each passing hour may place them where  
Repentance cannot come.
- 3 Reclaim, O Lord! their wand'ring minds.  
Amus'd by airy dreams;  
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel  
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,  
Their dang'rous state to see;  
That they may seek and find the path.  
That leads to heav'n and thee.

## 62.

L. M.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;  
Behold God's balance lifted high:  
There shall his justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw:  
Would'st thou the awful test sustain,  
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Great God! exert thy pow'r to save;  
Deep on the heart this truth engrave;  
Disperse the mist from sinners' eyes,  
And make the wretched triflers wise.



- 4 O let them seize the present day,  
Nor risk salvation by delay;  
And, while they tremble, let them flee,  
And find their help, their life, in thee.

63.

S. M.

*Job ix. 2-6.*

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man  
Be just before his God?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark  
With strict inquiring eyes,  
Could we for one of thousand faults  
A just excuse devise.
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!  
Who can with thee contend?  
Or who that tries the unequal strife,  
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,  
Their ancient seats forsake!  
The trembling earth deserts her place,  
Her rooted pillars shake!
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man  
Contend with such a God?  
None, none can meet him, and escape;  
But through the Savior's blood.

64.

L. M.

*Job ix. 30-33*

- 1 **T**HOUGH I should seek to wash me clean  
In waters of the driven snow,



## DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

My soul would yet its spots retain,  
And sink in conscious guilt and wo:

2 The spirit, in his power divine,  
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,  
Expose the foulness of its sin,  
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,  
That men to answer him should dare.  
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,  
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,  
Who, God and man, may both embrace!  
With God, for man to intercede,  
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain  
To be this Mediator crown'd:  
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,  
In Him thy righteousness be found.



## III. CHRIST.

## 1. HIS DIVINITY.

65. (99.) L. M.

*The Deity and Humanity of Christ.*

John i. 1. 3. 14. Col. i 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad  
 From everlasting was the Word;  
 With God he was; the Word was God,  
 And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made;  
 By him supported all things stand;  
 He is the whole creation's Head,  
 And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
 He led the host of morning stars;  
 ('Thy generation who can tell,  
 Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,  
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
 That he may converse hold with worms,  
 Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
 Th' eternal Father's only Son;  
 How full of truth! how full of grace!  
 When through his eyes the Godhead shone.



- 6 Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The loves of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

66. (100.) L. M.

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!  
Our spirits bow before thy seat,  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
Stand round the glorious Deity;  
But who amongst the sons of light  
Pretend comparison with thee!
- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams;  
Their essence is forever one,  
Though they are known by different names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be ador'd;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

67. (101.) C. M.

*The Divinity of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HREE we adore, Eternal Word!  
The Father's equal Son;



By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,  
Ere time its course begun.

2 The first creation has display'd  
Thine energy divine;  
For not a single thing was made  
By other hands than thine.

3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,  
Sublimar facts survey,—  
The all-creating Word unites  
Himself to dust and clay.

4 Creation's Author now assumes  
A creature's humble form:  
A man of grief and wo becomes,  
And trod on like a worm.

5 The Lord of glory bears the shame  
'To vile transgressors due;  
Justice the Prince of life condemns  
'To die in anguish too.—

6 God over all, forever blest,  
The righteous curse endures;  
And thus, to souls with sin distressed,  
Eternal bliss ensures.

7 What wonders in thy person meet,  
My Savior, all divine!  
I fall with rapture at thy feet,  
And would be wholly thine.

68.

L. M.

*"Behold the Man."*

1 **B**EHOLD the man! how glorious he!  
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,



- And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims to be the Son of God.
- 2 Behold the man! by all condemn'd,  
Assaulted by a host of foes;  
His person and his truths condemn'd  
A man of suff'rings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man! so weak he seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear:  
But soon must he who now blasphemes,  
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 4 Behold the man! though scorn'd below,  
He bears the greatest name above;  
The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve.

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## 2. HIS MISSION AND WORKS.

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### ADVENT AND BIRTH OF CHRIST.

69. (103.) C. M.

*The Angel's Message to the Shepherds at  
Christ's Nativity.*

- 1 **O**N Judah's plains as shepherds sat,  
Watching their flocks by night,  
The angel of the Lord appear'd  
Clad in celestial light.
- 2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,  
Appall'd with trembling fear;



When thus a cherub-voice divine  
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.

3 "Shepherds of Judah! cease your fears,  
And calm your troubled mind:  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

4 This day almighty love fulfils  
Its great eternal word;  
This day is born in Bethlehem  
A Savior, Christ the Lord.

5 There shall you find the heav'nly babe  
In humblest weeds array'd;  
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,  
And in a manger laid."

6 He ceas'd, and sudden all around  
Appear'd a radiant throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Warbling their choral song:

7 "Glory to God, from whom on high  
All-gracious mercies flow!  
Who sends his heav'n-descended peace  
To dwell with man below."

70. (105.) C. M.

*The Advent of the Savior.*

1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Savior comes,  
The Savior promis'd long!  
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
And ev'ry voice a song.



- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
Exerts his sacred fire;  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held:  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray;  
And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And, with the treasure of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

71. (106.) S. M.

*Mercy and not Wrath results from the Mission  
of Christ.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,  
To an immortal tune.  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing, how eternal love  
Its chief beloved chose,  
And bade him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.



- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
     No terror clothes his brow;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
     To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
     No wrath stood frowning by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardon down  
     To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears;  
     Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
     And take the offer'd peace.

72. (107.) C. M.

*Christ comes to destroy Sin.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come!  
     Let earth receive her King:  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
     And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth; the Savior reigns,  
     Let men their songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains  
     Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
     Nor thorns infest the ground;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow  
     Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace.  
     And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
     And wonders of his love.



## 73. (108.) C. M.

*The divine Glory and Goodness in the Mission of Christ.*

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join th' angelic throng;  
For angels no such love have known,  
T' awake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good will to guilty men is shown,  
And peace on earth is giv'n  
For lo! th' incarnate Savior comes,  
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adōrn:  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,  
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid!  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd:  
And by our lives display'd!
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains?

## 74. (110.) P. M.

*Praise for the Mission of Jesus.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
The universal Lord,  
The sov'reign King of kings;  
And be his grace ador'd.



His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

2. He saw the nations lie  
All perishing in sin,  
And pitied the sad state  
The ruin'd world was in.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son  
To save us from our wo,  
From Satan, sin, and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful foe.  
His pow'r and grace  
Are still the same;  
And let his name  
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heav'nly King;  
And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing.  
Thy mercy, Lord,  
Shall still endure;  
And ever sure  
Abides thy word.

75. (111.) L. M.

1. **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise shall climb to his abode;  
60.



Thee, Savior, by that name I call.  
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty ruler of the sky,  
As when the six day's work he made  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is the dearest claim:  
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,  
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see;  
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal  
To worship him who died for me.

76. (112.) S. M.

*The Birth of Christ.* Heb. ii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E saints, proclaim abroad  
The honors of your king;  
To Jesus your incarnate God,  
Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne,  
Of majesty above,  
Are half so much oblig'd as we,  
To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,  
They are not rais'd so high;



They never knew such depths of wo,  
Such heights of majesty.

- 4 The Savior did not join  
Their nature to his own;  
For them he shed no blood divine,  
Nor breathed a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,  
The Savior to adore;  
Our debts are greater far than theirs,  
O be our praises more!

## 77.

## C. M.

*Christ's Character foretold.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD my servant, see him rise.  
Exalted in my might!  
Him have I chosen, and in him  
I place supreme delight.
- 2 Gentle and still shall be his voice;  
No threats from him proceed;  
The smoking flax shall he not quench,  
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 3 The feeble spark to flame he'll raise;  
The weak will not despise;  
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
And make the fallen rise.
- 4 The progress of his zeal and power  
Shall never know decline,  
Till foreign lands and distant isles,  
Receive the law divine.



78.

L. M.

*Jesus teaching the People.*

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace.  
When list'ning thousands gathered round,  
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.
- 2 From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke,  
To heav'n he led his foll'wers' way:  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

## HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

79.

(113.)

P. M. 11s &amp; 10s.

*Praise to the Savior.*

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning!  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall.  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all!



- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

80. (114.) - L. M.

*The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!  
 I read my duty in thy word:  
 But in thy life the law appears  
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
 Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
 Thy love and meekness so divine,  
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air  
 Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r:  
 The desert thy temptations knew,  
 Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too!
- 4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear  
 More of thy gracious image here.  
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
 Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.



81. (115.) C. M.

*Jesus went about doing Good.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine!  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,  
To give the mourner joy;  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found,  
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood.  
His foes ungrateful, sought his life;  
He labor'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause;  
And still his task pursued;  
While humble pray'r and holy faith  
His fainting strength renew'd.
- 6 In the last hours of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resign'd he bow'd and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!  
His image may we bear!  
O may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share!



## 82. (116.) C. M.

*Forgiveness from the Example of Jesus.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise!  
 Thy glory is my song;  
 Though sinners speak against thy grace  
 With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
 Thy Son on earth was found,  
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;  
 Their peace he still pursu'd;  
 They render'd hatred for his love,  
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;  
 Yet with his dying breath  
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct, all-divine,  
 To me a model prove!  
 Like his, O God! my heart incline  
 My enemies to love.

## 83. (117.) L. M.

*Resignation from the Example of Jesus.*

- 1 **F**ATHER divine," the Savior cried,  
 While horrors press'd on ev'ry side.  
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
 "Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,  
 And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,



I bow my soul before thy throne,  
And say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

- 3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,  
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low.  
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone,  
Would say, "Thy will, not ours, be done."
- 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,  
We'll view the blissful moment nigh,  
Which, from our portion in his pains,  
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

84. (120.) L. M.

*Christian Example of Benevolence.*

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?  
Such let our conversation be;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife  
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!  
How mild! how ready to forgive!  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,  
Was his employment and delight:  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
The labors of his life were love.



If then we love the Savior's name,  
Let his divine example move!

## HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

85. (123.) L. M

*The Passion of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When he expir'd in shame and blood,  
Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn;  
"He rescu'd others from the grave;  
Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 O harden'd people! cruel priests!  
How they stood round like savage beasts!  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their pow'r!
- 4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 5 But, gracious God! thy pow'r and love  
Have made his death a blessing prove.  
Tho' once upon the cross he bled,  
Immortal honors crown his head.
- 6 Thro' Christ the Son our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live!  
The Lord will hear us in his name;  
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.



86. (124.) C. M.

*The Love of a dying Savior.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Savior of mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful tree.  
How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend!  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,  
"Receive my soul!" he cries:  
See where he bows his sacred head!  
He bows his head and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine.  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine!

87. (127.) L. M.

*Christ our Substitute.*

- 1 **I**T WAS for our sake, eternal God,  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load  
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,  
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,  
Abus'd him when he check'd their sin;  
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
They hate him, but without a cause.



- 3 Zeal for the temple of his God  
 Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood ;  
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown  
 He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
- 4 His friends forsook, his followers fled,  
 While foes and arms surround his head;  
 They nail him to the shameful tree ;  
 There hung my Lord, who died for me.
- 5 But God his Father heard his cry ;  
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;  
 The nations learn his righteousness,  
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

88. (130.) S. M.

*Freedom in the Death of Jesus.*

- 1 **A**ND shall we still be slaves,  
 And in our fetters lie,  
 When summon'd by a voice divine  
 T' assert our liberty?
- 2 Did the great Savior bleed,  
 Our freedom to obtain?  
 And shall we trample on his blood,  
 And glory in our chain?
- 3 Shall we go on to sin,  
 Because thy grace abounds ;  
 Or crucify the Lord again,  
 And open all his wounds?
- 4 Forbid it, mighty God !  
 Nor let it e'er be said,  
 That those, for whom thy Son has died.  
 In vice are lost and dead.



The man that durst despise  
 The law that Moses brought,  
 Behold! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumptuous fault.

- 6 But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race,  
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
 And dare resist his grace.

89. (131.) C. M.

*Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at  
 a dear price.*

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind  
 Was God's eternal Son!  
 Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,  
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
 That when the Savior knew  
 The price of pardon was his blood.  
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
 His love is still as great:  
 Well he remembers Calvary,  
 Nor should his saints forget.
- 4 Here we behold his bowels roll  
 As kind as when he died;  
 And see the sorrows of his soul  
 Bleed through his wounded side.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals  
 Of Jesus' dying love.



Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.

- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

90. (136.) C. M.

*Tribute to the Lamb.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry  
To be exalted thus;  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine,  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord! for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise!

91. (137.) S. M.

*Praise for Redemption.*

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life and bliss!  
Thy goodness I adore.  
O give me strength to speak thy praise,  
And grace to love thee more!



- 2 First for this world, so fair,  
 My daily thanks shall rise;  
 For ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy,  
 Thy bounteous hand supplies.
- 3 But yet a nobler cause  
 Demands my warmest love.  
 Can words describe the wond'rous gift  
 Descending from above?
- 4 The Savior dwelt on earth;  
 He died, that we might live;  
 Endur'd the sorrows of the cross,  
 Immortal hope to give.
- 5 Ah who can tell the scorn,  
 The dear Redeemer bore?  
 Or who describe the mental grief,  
 Which his blest bosom tore!
- 6 Low in the grave he lay.  
 While darkness veil'd the skies  
 But lo!—he burst the bands of death;  
 To glory see him rise!
- 7 Father! this work is thine.  
 For us thou gav'st thy Son.  
 O may we all devoted be,  
 And live to thee alone!

92. (139.) P. M. 8s & 7s.

*Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
 See it rends the rocks assunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
 "It is finish'd!"  
 Hear the dying Savior cry!



2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure  
 Do these charming words afford!  
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law!  
 Finish'd all that God had promis'd;  
 Death and hell no more shall awe.  
 It is finish'd!—  
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4, Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:  
 All in earth, and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
 Hallelujah!  
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

#### HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

93. (144) L. M.

*Christ dying, rising and reigning.*

1. **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies!  
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around.  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:  
 The Lord of glory dies for men!



But lo!—what sudden joys we see!  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb:  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise:  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns.  
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, death, in chains.

- 6 Say: "Live forever, wondrous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
Then ask the monster: "where's thy sting?  
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

94. (146.) C. M.

*The Resurrection of Christ a Source of  
Consolation.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought!  
Such wonders love can do!  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbb'd and bled for you!
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief;  
Let grateful sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody stains away  
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
The Savior lives again!



Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonor'd head ;  
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

6 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey ;  
And rise with his ascending Lord  
Thro' all his shining way.

95. (147.) P. M. 7s.

*The Same.*

1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say.  
Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Fought the fight, the battle won.  
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal !  
Christ has burst the gates of hell.  
Death in vain forbids his rise ;  
Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King :  
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
Dying once, he all doth save :  
Where thy victory, O grave !



96. (148.) S. M.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone  
The builders did refuse!  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes:  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.
- 3 Since he hath left the grave,  
His promises are true;  
And each exalted hope he gave;  
Confirm'd of heav'n we view.
- 4 Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood!  
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 5 O come the happy hour,  
When all the world shall own  
Thy Son, O God, declar'd with pow'r,  
And worship at thy throne!
- 6 We bless thy holy word,  
Which all this grace displays;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord!  
Our sacrifice of praise.

97. (149.) P. M.

*The Same.*

- 1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;  
The Savior left the dead,



And o'er our hellish foes  
 High rais'd his conq'ring head.  
 In wild dismay,  
 The guards around  
 Fall to the ground,  
 And sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait his high commands.  
 And worship at his feet.  
 Joyful they come,  
 And wing their way  
 From realms of day  
 'To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,  
 The joyful news to bear.  
 Hark! as they soar on high,  
 What music fills the air!  
 Their anthems say:  
 "Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead;  
 He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeem'd by him from hell;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell.  
 With Christ we rise,  
 With Christ we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

98. (150.) S. M.

"*The Lord is risen indeed.*" Luke xxiv. 34.

1. "THE Lord is risen indeed,"  
 And are the tidings true?



Yes, we beheld the Savior bleed,  
And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
Then Justice asks no more;  
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood oppos'd before.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
Then is his work perform'd;  
The captive surely now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
Attending angels hear;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheetful chord,  
Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

99. (153.) C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,  
On heav'n's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those, for whom on earth  
He heav'd his dying groan.

2 His greatness now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell.  
Yet still the chief of all his joys,  
That souls are sav'd from hell.

3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled;  
For this his life was giv'n;



For this he fought, and vanquish'd death;  
For this he reigns in heav'n.

- 4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give;  
Sing loud Hosannas to his name,  
With whom you too shall live.

100. (159.) L. M.

*Christ exalted.*

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
And join the blissful choir above;  
There our exalted Savior reigns,  
And there they sing his wondrous love:

- 2 Jesus, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expir'd,  
To save us rebels,—yes, 'tis he!  
How bright, how lovely, how admir'd!

- 3 Jesus, who died that we might live,  
Died in the wretched traitor's place,  
O what returns can mortals give  
For such immeasurable grace!

- 4 Were universal nature ours,  
And art with all her boasted stores;  
Nature and art, with all their pow'r's,  
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

- 5 Yet tho' for bounty so divine  
We ne'er can equal honors raise:  
Jesus! may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.



101. (160.) C. M.

*Christ adored by the heavenly Host.*

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down;  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'r's rejoice,  
To see him wear the crown.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;  
And lay their highest honors down,  
Submissive at his feet.
- 4 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains:  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head!
- 6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.



## 3. SALVATION THROUGH HIM.

102. (303.) L. M.

*Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.*

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?  
 Am I forbid to trust thy blood?  
 Hast thou not pardons, rich and free?  
 And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound—  
 To limit mercy's sovèrign reign:  
 What other happy souls have found,  
 I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 3 I own my guilt; my sins confess;  
 Can men or devils make them more?  
 Of crimes, already numberless,  
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 4 Were the black list before my sight,  
 While I remember thou hast died,  
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight  
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,  
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear;  
 And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,  
 I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

103. (304.) L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from thy fold, O God, my feet  
 Once moved in error's devious maze;  
 Nor found religious duties sweet,  
 Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.



- 2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee  
 The paths which thou could'st ne'er approve;  
 And gently drew my soul to thee,  
 With cords of sweet, eternal love.
- 3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,  
 And low in self-abasement fall;  
 A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,  
 And thou, my God, art all in all.
- 4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,  
 Than all the joys that earth can give;  
 From fame, from wealth, from friends I'll part,  
 Beneath thy countenance to live.
- 5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,  
 Death bids me quit this mortal frame,  
 Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,  
 My latest breath shall bless his name.
- 6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,  
 And soar above yon starry spheres:  
 Join the full chorus of the skies,  
 And sing thy praise thro' endless years.

104. (306.) C. M.

*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
 Our sin how deep it stains!  
 And satan binds our captive minds  
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
 Sounds from the sacred word,  
 "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
 And trust upon the Lord."



- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief,  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly,  
Here let me wash my spotted soul,  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue,  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall:  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

## 105. (310.) L. M.

*Parting with carnal Joys.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair,  
And whilst I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.



- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;  
O for the pinions of a dove  
To bear me to the upper skies;
- 5 There from the bosom of my God  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

106.

(311) L. M.

- 1 **B**Y various maxims, forms, and rules,  
That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
I strove my passions to restrain;  
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Savior I have known,  
My rules are all reduced to one:—  
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;  
This strength supplies and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,  
Patient amidst reproach and strife;  
And from this pattern courage take  
To bear and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
And by the sight from fear am freed,  
This sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heav'nly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose,  
Confirms my hope, disarms my foes.  
The world I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Savior's tomb.



- 6 I see him look with pity down,  
And hold in view the Conq'ror's crown.  
If pressed with griefs and cares before,  
My soul revives, and asks no more.
- 7 By faith I see the hour at hand,  
When in his presence I shall stand  
Then it will be my endless bliss,  
To see him where and as he is.

## 107. (312.) L. M.

*Trusting in God.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims,  
His various and his saving names.  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known
- 2 Awake, our noblest pow'rs to bless  
The God of Abra'm, God of peace;  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' pray'r;  
Nor can one humble soul complain,  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 4 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name,  
The same his pow'r, his love the same!
- 5 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread;  
For God will guard, where God shall lead.



## 108. (315.) L. M.

*There is Salvation in none other than Jesus*

- 1 **I**N vain would boasting reason find  
The path to happiness and God;  
Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.
- 2 Jesus, thy words alone impart  
Eternal life; on these I live;  
Diviner comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the powr's of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide;  
Thou art the true, the living way:  
Let thy good Spirit be my guide  
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,  
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,  
I scorn as vanity and lies,  
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

## 109. (316.) S. M.

*Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.*

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps *that* grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;



And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow:  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

110. (317.) L. M.

*By Grace ye are saved.* Eph. ii. 5.

1 **S**ELF righteous souls on works rely,  
And boast their mortal dignity;  
But if I lisp a song of praise,  
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,  
And grace my soul to Jesus led;  
Grace brings me pardon for my sin—  
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,  
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;  
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong:—  
Grace is my hope and Christ my song.

4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;  
And 'tis by grace I persevere;  
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—  
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,  
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;



For all that's past, grace is my theme,  
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.

- 6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,  
Adore and bless my heavenly King;  
I'll cast my crown before his throne,  
And shout free grace to him alone.

111. (320.) S. M.

*Lamb of God.* John i. 29.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine—  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice  
And sing his bleeding love.



## 112. (322.) L. M.

*Redemption by Christ alone* 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains  
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,  
 We wretched guilty captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace;  
 Nor the whole world's collected store  
 Suffice to purchase our release;  
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,  
 An all-sufficient ransom paid:  
 Invalu'd price! his precious blood  
 For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became  
 To rescue guilty souls from hell.  
 The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,  
 Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness! love divine!  
 O may our grateful hearts adore  
 The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,  
 Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

## 113. (325.) P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Miracle of Grace.* Luke xix. 10.

- 1 **H**AIL! my ever blessed Jesus,  
 Only thee I wish to sing;  
 To my soul thy name is precious,  
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.
- 2 O! what mercy flows from heaven.  
 O, what joy and happiness!



Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,  
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;  
Swift destruction still pursuing,  
Till my Savior pass'd this way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
My Redeemer's tenderness;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,  
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;  
Whilst astonish'd, I admire  
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,  
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

114. (328.) L. M.

*The loving Kindness of the Lord. Psalm lxi. 7.*

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all.  
He sav'd me from my low estate,  
His loving kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,



He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath,  
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving kindness in the skies.

115. (331.) L. M

1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Savior thou,  
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow.  
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,  
I find thee, Savior, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,  
Protect me through my life's short day;  
In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
And keep me, Savior, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;  
As I have need my Savior be:



And if I would from thee depart,  
Then clasp me, Savior, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's power;  
Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Savior—reign alone.

5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;  
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.

116. (333.) L. M.

*Holiness, Justice and Mercy united.* Ps. lxxxv. 10.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be  
That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low!  
To visit one so vile as I,  
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,  
With truth, with justice, and with grace,  
To make eternal blessings mine,  
And sin, with all its guilt erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,  
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan!  
Where all divine perfections meet  
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her rights maintains!  
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—  
In Christ harmoniously they meet:



He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,  
And such th' amazing depths of grace.  
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,  
The sons of Adam's fallen race.

7 With grateful songs, then let our souls  
Surround our gracious Father's throne;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.

117. (335.) L. M.

*Christ the eternal Life*

1 **W**HERE shall the tribes of Adam find  
The sovereign good to fill the mind?  
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show  
The spring whence living waters flow.

2 Say, will the stoic's flinty heart  
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?  
Could Plato find these blissful streams,  
Amongst his raptures and his dreams?

3 In vain I ask—for nature's power  
Extends but to this mortal hour:  
'Twas but a poor relief she gave  
Against the terrors of the grave.

4 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,  
Array'd in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life! our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity!

5 All our immortal hopes are laid,  
In thee our surety and our head;



Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.

- 6 Here let my soul forever lie,  
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

118. (336.) P. M. 8s, 7s, 8s & 7s.

*Christ the Believer's all.*

1. **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else are only dross.  
Thee we own a perfect Savior,  
Only source of all that's good.  
Every grace and every favor  
Comes to us through Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
By his Spirit sent from heaven:  
Whispers this transporting sentence,  
"Son, thy sins are all forgiven."  
Faith he grants us to believe it,  
Grateful hearts his love to prize:  
Want we wisdom? he will give it;  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
Wills to do what he requires;  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands—inspires.  
All our prayers, and all our praises,  
Rightly offer'd in his name,  
He that dictates them is Jesus;  
He that answers is the same.



## 119. (337.) C. M.

1. **O**H, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
The honors of thy name.
- 3 JESUS, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free,  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiv'n :  
Anticipate our heav'n below,  
And own that love is heav'n.

## 120. (338.) C. M.

*Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.*

1. **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, forever praise,  
Forever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin and shame.]



- 3 [ 'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are sav'd by sovereign grace  
Abounding through his Son ]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew :  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face

121. (343.) L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Savior, Brother, Friend  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings;  
If with me now thy Spirit stays,  
And hov'ring hides me in his wings,
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart;  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep, till he renews my heart.



4. When to the right or left I stray,  
 - His voice behind me may I hear,  
 "Return, and walk in Christ thy way,  
 Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
5. Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,  
 From nature's every path retreat:  
 Thou art my way, my leader be,  
 And set upon the rock my feet.
6. Uphold me, Savior, or I fall;  
 O reach to me thy gracious hand:  
 Only on thee for help I call;  
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

122. (344.) P. M. 8s & 7s

1. **O** THOU God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin,  
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,  
 Yearning bowels from within;  
 I will praise thee:  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
2. While the angel-choirs are crying  
 Glory to the great I AM;  
 I with them would still be vying,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!
3. Now I see with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose  
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause;  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all, to me it flows.



- 4 Though unseen, I love the Savior,  
 He almighty grace hath shown;  
 Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favor!  
 This he makes to mortals known,  
 Give him glory,  
 Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song:  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

423. (348.) C. M.

*God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,  
 My Jesus, and my God,  
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
 Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
 The Father smiles again;  
 'Tis by thine interceding breath  
 Thy Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find;  
 The holy, just, and sacred Three  
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
 My hope, my joy begins;  
 His name forbids my slavish fear,  
 His grace removes my sins.



- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
 I love th' incarnate mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

124. (349.) C. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheering beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief,  
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,  
 And break our iron chains;  
 Jesus has freed our captive souls  
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
 His cursed projects tries,  
 We that were doom'd his endless slaves  
 Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O for this love, let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Savior's praises speak.



- 7 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold;  
 But when you raise you highest notes  
 His love can ne'er be told.

125.

(350.)

P. M. 7s.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name!  
 Ye, who his salvation prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
 Beaming in the Savior's face,  
 As to heav'n ye onward move,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;  
 Banish all your guilty fears.  
 See your guilt and care remove,  
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin!  
 Now from bliss no longer rove;  
 Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Christ subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;  
 His tremendous foes, and ours,  
 From their cursed empire drove,  
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring;  
 Strike aloud the joyful string.  
 Mortals! join the host above,  
 Join to praise redeeming love.



## 126. (351.) S. M.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light!  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Thro' all the earth abroad;  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Savior and their God.

## 127. (353.) C. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song!



- 1 O may his love (immortal flame!)  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach!  
What mortal tongue display!  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die!—  
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Savior died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue:  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

128. (354.) C. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of everlasting love!  
To thee our souls we raise;  
And to thy matchless bounty rear  
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life  
With ev'ry cheering ray;  
Kindly restrains the rising tear,  
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our race approach'd  
The borders of despair;



Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd  
A free salvation near.

4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
For all the grace we see?

Alas! the goodness worms can yield  
Extendeth not to thee.

5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,  
Our cheerful feet repair;  
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,  
Relieve the mourners there.

6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy;  
The orphan shall be glad;  
And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point  
To Christ the living bread.

7 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,  
Our useful light shall shine;  
And others learn to gloryfy  
Our Father's name divine.

129.

C. M.

*Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

1 **L**ORD, should we leave thy hallow'd feet,  
To whom could we repair?  
Where else such holy comforts meet,  
As spring perennial there?

2 Thou art the way—through thee alone  
From sin and death we flee:  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

3 Thou art the truth—thy word alone  
Sound wisdom can impart:



Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

4 Thou art the life—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conqu’ring arm:  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

5 Thou art the way, the truth, the life:  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

130.

C. M.

*Excellency of the Religion of Jesus.*

1 **I**S there on earth a nobler name  
Than Jesus to be found?  
Who can assert a higher claim,  
Or more with truth abound?

2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,  
Commission’d from above,  
He bears to our rebellious race  
The messages of love.

3 Behold his gentle spirit feel  
The sufferings of mankind;  
And with a word the sorrows heal  
Of Body and of mind.

4 How lofty were the truths he taught!  
How pure the life he led!  
And shall another Lord be sought,  
And we disown our Head?

5 Asham’d of Jesus, shall we let  
This precious Savior go?



And, basely, at defiance set  
Him who hath lov'd us so?

- 6 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield  
To this unworthy shame:  
Let each, with holy courage fill'd,  
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

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#### IV. HOLY SPIRIT.

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##### 1. HIS INFLUENCE.

131. (172.) L. M.

*The Operation of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace:  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day:  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin,  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.



## 132. (173.) L. M.

*Praise for the Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above.  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
That we may know and love thy way;  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to righteousness, the road  
That we must take, to dwell with God;  
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

## 133. (174.) C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys!  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live,  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,  
And thine to us so great?



- 4 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

134. (176.) C. M.

*Aid of the Spirit.*

1. **F**OREVER blessed be the Lord,  
 My Savior and my shield!  
 He sends his Spirit with his word,  
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 When all my foes their force unite,  
 He makes my soul his care;  
 Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,  
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine  
 My fainting hope shall raise:  
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
 And his shall be the praise.

135. (177.) L. M.

*The Holy Spirit a Comforter.*

1. **S**URE the blest Comforter is nigh,  
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;  
 Else would my hope forever die,  
 And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
 Do I not find his healing voice  
 The tempest of my fears control,  
 And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
- 3 What less than thine almighty word  
 Can raise my heart from earth and dust,



And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust!

- 4 And when my cheerful hope can say,  
"I love my God, and taste his grace;"  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,  
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

- 5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
Forever dwell, O God of love;  
And light and heav'nly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

136. (178.) L. M

- 1 **A** MIDST a world of hopes and fears,  
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,  
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:
- 2 Send down, O Lord! a heav'nly ray,  
To guide me in the doubtful way;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,  
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,  
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;  
But through this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,  
That charm, delight, transport the soul;  
And every panting wish shall be  
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.



## 137. (179.) C. M.

*Breathing after Holiness. -*

- 1 **○** THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
 To keep his statutes still!  
 O that my God would grant me grace,  
 To know and do his will!
- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,  
 A stricter watch to keep;  
 And, should I e'er forget thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands;  
 'Tis a delightful road:  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.
- 

## 2. GOSPEL CALL.

## 138. (182.) S. M.

*Behold, now is the accepted Time. 2 Cor. vi. 2.*

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace;  
 Now, sinners, come without delay,  
 And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Savior calls to-day;



To-morrow it may be too late,  
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is th' accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come;  
And ev'ry promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love;  
Then will the angels clap their wings,  
And bear the news above.

5 At length around thy throne  
They shall thy face behold;  
While thro' eternity they'll strive  
Their raptures to unfold.

139. (183.) P. M. 8s & 7s.

*Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1.*

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty! come and welcome;  
God's free bounty gloryfy:  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:



All the *fitness* he requireth,  
Is to feel the need of him;  
This he gives you;  
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden;  
On the ground your Maker lies!  
On the bloody tree behold him;  
Hear him cry, before he dies,  
"It is finished!"  
Sinner, will not *this* suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name:  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

140. (185.) P. M. 7s.

1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do  
More than he hath done for you?



To procure your peace with God,  
Could he more than shed his blood ?

2 After all his flow of love,  
All his drawings from above,  
Why will ye your Lord deny?  
Why will ye resolve to die ?

3 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn :  
By his life your God hath sworn ;  
He would have you turn and live,  
He would all the world receive :

4 If your death were his delight,  
Would he you to life invite ?  
Would he ask, beseach, and cry,  
Why will ye resolve to die ?

5 Sinners, turn, while God is near !  
Dare not to think him insincere :  
Now, e'en now, your Savior stands,  
All day long he spreads his hands !

6 Can ye doubt if God is love ?  
If to all his bowels move ?  
Will ye not his word receive ?  
Will ye not his oath believe ?

7 See, the suff'ring God appears,  
Jesus weeps, believe his tears !  
Mingled with his blood, they cry,  
" Why will ye resolve to die ? "

141. (188.) S. M.

*Gospel Invitation.*

8 **L**ET ev'ry ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;



The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind:

3 Here wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for streams,  
And pine away and die:  
Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

142. (189.) C. M.

*Inexhaustible Grace.* Luke xv. 31.

1 **J**EHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free:  
His language how divine!  
"My Son, thou ever art with me,  
And all I have is thine.

2 "My saints shall each a portion share,  
That's worthy of a God;



They are my chief, my constant care—  
The purchase of my blood.

3 "Both grace and glory I will give,  
And nothing good deny;  
With me my saints shall ever live,  
And reign with me on high.

4 "And should a hundred thousand more,  
Accept the proffered grace,  
I have a heaven prepared—for all;  
Nor shall you have the less."

5 Then, dearest Lord, let millions come,  
And feast on pard'ning grace;  
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,  
And we will shout thy praise.

143. (190.) C. M.

*My Son give me thy Heart.* Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 **W**HAT language now salutes the ear,  
And 'tis our Father's voice!  
Let all the world attentive hear,  
And ev'ry soul rejoice.

2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,  
However vile thou art;  
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free—  
My son, give me thy heart.

3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,  
And suffer'd dreadful smart;  
For thee the Lord was crucifi'd—  
My Son, give me thy heart.

4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,  
And said to me, "Depart,"



I claim the purchase of my blood—  
My son, give me thy heart.

5 I'll form thee for myself alone,  
And ev'ry good impart;  
I'll make my great salvation known—  
My son, give me thy heart.

6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,  
Set up in me thy throne:  
Bid sin and satan hence depart,  
And claim me as thine own.

144. (191.) C. M.

*Whosoever will, let him come.* Rev. xxii. 17.

1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found!  
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring!  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)  
Shall of this stream partake;  
Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,  
And drink for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
Have here found life and peace;



Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
And drink, adore, and bless.

145. (192) L. M.

*I will in no wise cast out.* John vi. 37.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Savior's voice I hear,  
Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear.  
He saith, and who his word can doubt,  
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 2 Doth satan fill you with dismay,  
And tell you, Christ will cast away?  
It is a truth, why should you doubt;  
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,  
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?  
If black as hell why should you doubt?  
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The Publican and dying Thief  
Appli'd to Christ, and found relief;  
Nor need you entertain a doubt;  
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,  
He waits to welcome you to-day;  
His mercy try, nor longer doubt;  
He will in no wise cast you out!

146. (193.) L. M.

*Christ's Invitation.*

- 1 " **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls!  
Ye heavy-laden sinners! come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heav'nly home.



- 2 "They shall find rest, that learn of me;  
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind:  
 But passion rages like the sea,  
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take  
 My yoke, and bear it with delight!  
 My yoke is easy to his neck;  
 My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus! we come at thy command,  
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

147.

(194.)

C. M.

*Mercy for Sinners who obey the Call of Jesus.*

- 1 **T**HE Savior calls; let ev'ry ear  
 Attend the heav'nly sound.  
 Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
 To ease your ev'ry pain;  
 Immortal fountain! full supplies!  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners! come, 'tis mercy's voice;  
 The gracious call obey;  
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys:—  
 And can you yet delay?



- 5 Dear Savior ! draw reluctant hearts ;  
 To thee let sinners fly  
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
 And drink and never die.

148. (196.) P. M. 8s & 7s.

*"In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened  
 for Sin and Uncleanness."* Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
 Streams of living waters flow :  
 God has open'd there a fountain ;  
 This supplies the plains below :  
 They are blessed,  
 Who its sov'reign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
 Streams of mercy find their way ;  
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
 Making all around look gay :  
 O, ye nations !  
 Hail the long expected day.
- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,  
 All-enriching as it goes :  
 Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,  
 Buds and blossoms as the rose,  
 Every object  
 Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life the banks adorning,  
 Yield their fruit to all around ;  
 Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,  
 Pleasure comes and hopes abound :  
 Fair their portion !  
 Endless life with glory crown'd.



## 149. (198.) C. M.

*And yet there is room.* Luke xiv. 22.

1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come!  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room!

[3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart;  
There love and pity meet:  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.]

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites your souls to come:  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love:  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
Are welcome still to come;  
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
Approach, there yet is room!



## 150. (199.) C. M.

*Youth invited to love Christ.* Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigor warm,  
In smiling crowds, draw near;  
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
A Savior's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain;  
And those that early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 1' What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compar'd with thee?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

## 151. (200.) C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING sight, the savior stands  
And knocks at every door!  
Ten thousand blessings in his hands  
To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die  
To bring you to my rest:—



Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,  
And be forever blest.

3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or in the glorious realms above,  
With me forever dwell?

4 "Not to condemn your wretched race  
Have I in judgment come;  
But to display unbounded grace,  
And bring lost sinners home.

5 "Will you go down to endless night,  
And bear eternal pain?  
Or in the glorious realms of light  
With me forever reign?

6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or will you make that wretched choice,  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

152. (201.) C. M.

1. **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
Does thy salvation flow;  
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share;



No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.

- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.

153. (203.) L. M.

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injur'd Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return.  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Savior bids thy spirit live;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear:  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

154. (205.) C. M.

*The repenting Prodigal.* Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine  
Had wasted his estate,  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat!



- 2 "I die with hunger here, 'he cries,'  
 I starve in foreign lands;  
 My father's house has large supplies,  
 And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,  
 Fall down before his face,  
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
 Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hastened to his home  
 To seek his father's love;  
 The father saw the rebel come,  
 And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;  
 The rebel's heart with sorrow break  
 For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
 (The father gives command,)  
 Dress him in garments white and clean,  
 With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain,  
 Let mirth and joy abound;  
 My son was dead, and lives again,  
 Was lost, and now is found."

155.

(209.)

L. M.

*The Beatitudes.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls, who see  
 Their ignorance and poverty:  
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.



- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;  
For them divine compassion flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war:  
God will secure their peaceful state,  
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls, who thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness:  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men, whose hearts still move,  
And melt with sympathy and love;  
They shall themselves from God obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin:  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife:  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

156. (210.) C. M.

*The Blessings of Obedience.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean;



Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.

- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honor all thy name.

157. (212.) S. M.

*The Blessedness of the Righteous and the  
Misery of the Wicked.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest,  
Who shuns the sinners' ways;  
Amongst their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labors of the day,  
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root;  
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live;  
His works are heav'nly fruit.



- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
 'They no such blessings find ;  
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
 Before that judgment-seat,  
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
 In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and he approves  
 The way the righteous go:  
 But sinners and their works shall meet  
 A dreadful overthrow.

158. (215.) C. M.

*We must be born again.* John iii. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard !  
 Hear, all ye sons of men ;  
 For Christ, the Savior, hath declar'd,  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
 The sinner's boast is vain ;  
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—  
 The heart a sink of sin ;  
 Without a change we can't be saved ;  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 4 [That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
 And flesh it will remain ;  
 Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
 " Ye must be born again."]



- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
And breathe on sinners slain;  
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,  
That we are born again.
- 6 Dear Savior, let us now begin  
To trust and love thy word;  
And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,  
Prove we are born of God.

## 159. (216.) C. M.

*The Successful Resolve.* Esth. iv. 16.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve,  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve:
- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose:
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace:
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv'd to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."



- 6 But if I die with mercy sought,  
 When I the King have tried,  
 This were to die, (delightful thought!)  
 As sinner never died.

160. (217.) L. M.

*Life, the Day of Grace, and Hope.* Eccl. ix.  
 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' insure the great reward;  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given  
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;  
 The day of grace, and mortals may  
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
 But all the dead forgotten lie,  
 They have no share in all that's done  
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
 My hands with all your might pursue,  
 Since no devise, nor work is found,  
 Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon past  
 In the cold grave to which we haste;  
 But darkness, death, and long despair,  
 Reign in eternal silence there.

161. (218.) L. M.

*To-day.* Heb. iv. 7.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
 And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
 129



The longer wisdom you despise  
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

162. (219.) C. M.

*The rich Worshipping.* Luke xii. 16—21.

1 “**M**Y barns are full, my stores increase;  
And now for many years,  
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
Secure from wants and fears.”

2 Thus, while a worshipping boasted once,  
As many now presume,  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden, awful doom:

3 “This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
Into a world unknown;  
And who shall then the stores possess  
Which thou hast called thine own?”

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below;



Fill death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to wo.

163. (221.) P. M. 7s.

*Jesus' Invitation to the Afflicted.*

- 1 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice.  
I will guide you to your home!  
Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roam'd the barren waste;  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
- 3 Ye, who, toss'd on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain:  
Ye, whose swell'd and sleepless eyes  
Watch to see the morning rise:
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn  
Here repose your heavy care:  
Conscience wounded who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come! for here is found  
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;  
Peace that ever shall endure;  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

164. (222.) C. M.

*Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!  
How false, and yet how fair!  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.



- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Savior, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

165.

(224.)

C. M.

*Frailty and Folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
How vast our souls' affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.



- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above!  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love.
- 5 Draw us, O Savior, with thy grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

## 166. (225.) L. M.

*The Vanity of the Creatures.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires;  
He burns within with restless fires.  
Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind;  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

## 167. (227.) C. M.

*Time is short.* 1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near;  
When death will us remove;



- To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,  
Nor trifle time away:  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels, now,  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—  
The Lord will quickly come:  
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—  
The hour is just at hand,  
When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 6 The time is short!—the moment near,  
When we shall dwell above;  
And be forever happy there,  
With Jesus, whom we love.

168.

(229.)

L. M.

*My Spirit shall not always strive.* Gen. vi. 3.

1. **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,  
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control?
2. Hath something met thee in the path,  
Of worldliness and vanity,



And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,—  
It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind;  
That call thou may'st not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
With harden'd, self-destroying man;  
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,  
Thy last accepted time may be;  
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

169. (233) L. M.

*Sickness and Death.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, the minutes haste away,  
Apace comes on th' important day,  
When in the icy arms of death  
I must give up my vital breath.
- 2 Look forward to the moving scene;  
How wilt thou be affected then?  
When from on high some sharp disease  
Resistless shall thy vitals seize.
- 3 When all the springs of life are low,  
The spirits faint, the pulses slow;



The eyes grow dim and short the breath,  
Pressages of approaching death.

- 4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,  
Show life's retreating to the heart;  
Its last resistance there to make,  
And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When all eternity's in sight;  
The brightest day, or blackest night;  
One shock will break the building down  
And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 O come, my soul, the matter way!  
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!  
And how the unknown regions try,  
And launch into eternity!

170. (234.) L. M

*The Night cometh.* John ix. 4.

- 1 **A** WAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,  
Awake, and view the setting sun;  
See how the shades of death advance,  
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;  
Oh, let it wake the slumbering ear!  
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,  
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd,—  
These friendly warnings heard no more;  
Soon will the mighty Judge approach,  
E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice;  
This is the summons that he sends:



“Awake,—for on this transient hour  
Thy long eternity depends.”

171.

(241.)

C. M.

1 **T**HERE is a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word;  
“Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.”

2 My soul obeys th’ Almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh! help my unbelief.

3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest die.

4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With his apostate crew.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all!

172.

(243.)

C. M.

*The Misery and Danger of Sinners.*

1 **S**INNERS! the voice of God regard:  
’Tis mercy speaks to-day;  
He calls you by his gracious word  
From sin’s destructive way.



- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace;  
A thousand stings within your breast  
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:  
Why will you persevere?  
Can you in frightful torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing ev'ry sin;  
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.

172.

(244.)

L. M.

*The Folly of neglecting Religion.*

- 1 **W**HY will ye lavish out your years  
Amidst a thousand trilling cares?  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind;  
While angels with regret look down,  
'To see you spin a heav'nly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his dying love;  
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain:  
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects, which ye now pursue.  
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.



- 5 Almighty God! thine aid impart,  
 To fix conviction on the heart.  
 Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,  
 And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

174. (246.) L. M.

*Youth and Judgment.* Eccl. xi. 9.

- 4 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
 Taste the delights your souls desire,  
 And give a loose to all your fires:
- 2 Pursue the pleasure you design,  
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,  
 Enjoy the day of mirth; but know  
 There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
 His book records your secret faults,  
 The works of darkness you have done  
 Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due  
 Should strike your hearts with terror through  
 How will ye stand before his face,  
 Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
 From these alluring vanities;  
 And let the thunder of thy word  
 Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

175. S. M.

*Invitation to God's House.*

- 1 **C**OME to the house of pray'r,  
 O thou afflicted, come:



The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house his home.

- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now:  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love:  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow, your voices raise:  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the pow'r to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all;  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heav'n on earth be won.

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### 3. REPENTANCE.

176. (251.) L. M.

*Hardness of Heart lamented.*

- 1 **L**ORD! shed a beam of heavenly day  
To melt this stubborn stone away:  
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.



- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
What but an adamant would melt ?  
Goodness and wrath, in vain combine  
To move this stupid heart of mine.
- 4 But One can yet perform the deed ;  
That One in all his grace I need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !  
On me let streams of mercy roll :  
Now thaw with rays of love divine  
This heart,—this frozen heart of mine.

-177. (254.) L. M.

*Original and actual Sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
And born unholy and unclean ;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true :  
O make me wise betimes to spy  
My danger and my remedy.]



- 4 Behold I fall before thy face;  
 My only refuge is thy grace:  
 No outward forms can make me clean;  
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
 Hath power sufficient to atone;  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
 Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;  
 Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,  
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

178.

(257.)

C. M.

*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,  
 A guilty rebel lies;  
 And upwards to the mercy-seat  
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence;  
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
 Forbid it that Omnipotence  
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
 To pay the debt I owe,  
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
 In ceaseless torrents flow.



4, But no such sacrifice I plead  
 'To expiate my guilt;  
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—  
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5, Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
 And all my sins forgive:  
 Justice will well approve the word  
 That bids the sinner live,

179. (258.) P. M. 78.

- 1) **G**OD of mercy! God of grace!  
 Hear our sad repentant songs.  
 O restore thy suppliant race,  
 Thou to whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
 'Talents wasted, time misspent;  
 Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,  
 Thankless for the blessings sent;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
 Vain regrets for things as vain;  
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
 Oft to murmur and complain;
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,  
 Fill'd with grief and shame we own,  
 Humbly at thy feet we lie,  
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5: God of mercy! God of grace!  
 Hear our sad repentant songs.  
 Q restore thy suppliant race,  
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs!;



## 180. (259.) C. M.

*Indwelling Sin lamented.*

1. **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been;  
So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to every sin!
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
Are holy, just, and true;  
Tells me whate'er my God demands  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve;  
But still I find it hard to obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Savior, shall I feel  
These strugglings in my breast?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest?
- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free:  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

## 181. (262.) C. M.

1. **A**H, what can I, a sinner, do,  
With all my guilt oppress?



- I feel the hardness of my heart,  
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law  
Does all my life condemn;  
The secret evils of my soul  
Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,  
I never can recall;  
And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,  
Who misimprov'd them all!
- 4 How long, how often have I heard  
Of Jesus, and of heav'n;  
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,  
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
And grant renewing grace;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise.

182. (264.) S. M.

*Conviction.*

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins;  
I feel, alas! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom;



But sure a friendly whisper says,  
 "Flee from the wrath to come."

- 4 I see, or think I see,  
 A glimmering from afar;  
 A beam of day that shines for me,  
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
 It marks the pilgrim's way;  
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
 And watch the rising day.

183. (265.) P. M. 7s.

*Sin bewailed.*

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;  
 He himself has bid thee pray,  
 Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin;  
 Lord! remove this load of sin!  
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt  
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest.  
 Take possession of my breast;  
 There thy sov'reign right maintain,  
 And without a rival reign.
- 4 Show me what I have to do.  
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die thy people's death.



184. (266.) L. M.

*Confession and Repentance.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, in mercy turn,  
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!  
To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
O leave me, leave me not to die!
- 2 O pleasures past, what are you now  
But thorns about my bleeding brow?  
Spectres that hover round my brain,  
And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 3 For pleasure I have given my soul;  
Now justice, let thy thunders roll!  
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,  
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,  
I'll croud beneath his sheltering wing;  
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,  
E'en me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

185. (271.) L. M.

*Seeking Pardon.* Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,  
Oppress'd with fears to thee I call:  
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,  
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face."  
The invitation I embrace;  
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!  
O let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;  
If I turn back, hell is my doom;



And begging in his way, I'll lie  
Till the dear Savior passes by.

4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;  
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,  
And perish at my Savior's feet.

5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,  
And bid me seek thy face in vain?  
No! Jesus will not, can't deceive,  
The soul that seeks his face shall live.

186. (272.) L. M.

*"What shall I do to be saved?" Acts ix. 6.*

1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries;  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh:  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.

3 But when, great God! thy light divine  
Hud shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years!  
Before thy pure discerning eye,  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due;



Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.

- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free in Jesus' name?  
To him I look, and humbly cry,  
"O save a wretch condemned to die!"

187. (274.) L. M.

*Penitence.*

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting sinner live.  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not the contrite trust in thee?
- 2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace  
Against thy law, against thy grace;  
And, though my pray'r thou should'st not hear,  
My doom is just, and thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord!  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Seeks for some precious promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.
- 4 My sins are great, but dont surpass  
The riches of eternal grace.  
Great God! thy nature hath no bound:  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,  
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain.  
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue;  
Salvation shall be all my song;



And ev'ry power shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

188. (275.) L. M.

*Prayer for a new Heart.*

1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within.  
And form my soul averse to sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart.  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light.  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;  
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring:  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

189. (278.) S. M.

*To obtain Mercy.* 1 Tim. i. 16.

1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,  
To thee what shall I say?  
Well may I tremble at thy word,  
And scarce presume to pray.



- 2 Ten thousand wants have I;  
Alas! I all things want!  
But thou hast bid me always cry,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 Yet Lord, well might I fear,  
Fear e'en to ask thy grace,  
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,  
And mock'd thee to thy face.
- 4 With all pollution stain'd,  
Thy hallow'd courts I trod;  
Thy name and temple I profan'd,  
And dar'd to call thee God!
- 5 Nigh with my lips I drew:  
My lips were all unclean;  
Thee with my heart I never knew;  
My heart was full of sin.
- 6 Far from the living Lord,  
Far, far from God and heav'n,  
Thy purity I still abhorr'd,  
Nor look'd to be forgiv'n.

190.

(280.)

P. M. 8s & 7s

*Jesus, thou Son of David, have Mercy on me.*  
Mark x. 47.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,  
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;  
Let me know thy great salvation;  
See! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,



Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
Send, O send me quick relief!

- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
But to him who comfort gives?  
Whither from the dread of dying,  
But to him who ever lives?
- 4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
Breathless, on the cursed tree,  
Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 Without thee, the world possessing,  
I should be a wretch undone;  
Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,  
Seeking good, and finding none.
- 6 Hear, then, blessed Savior, hear me!  
My soul cleaveth to the dust;  
Send the Comforter to cheer me;  
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- 7 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory  
Through the shining realms above!  
Angels sing the pleasing story,  
All enraptur'd with thy love!

191. (282.) P. M. 8s.

*The Penitent's prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love!  
Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry:  
Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty:  
O! deign to listen to my voice,  
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.



- 2 I urge no merits of my own,  
 For I, alas! am all that's vile:  
 No—when I bow before thy throne,  
 Dare to converse with God alone,  
 Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
 That dearest, sweetest name to me!
- 3 Within this heart of mine, I feel  
 The weight of sin's oppressive load;  
 Oh! help! or else I sink to hell,  
 Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!  
 Entomb'd within the dread abyss,  
 And exil'd from the realms of bliss!

192. (285.) C. M.

*Supplication for God's Grace.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O God! my pray'r ascends,  
 But not for golden stores;  
 Nor covet I the brightest gems  
 On the rich eastern shores:
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy  
 Men call a mighty name,  
 Nor greatness with its pride and state,  
 My restless thoughts inflame:—
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms  
 My fond desires allure:  
 But nobler things than these, from thee,  
 My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of joys to come,  
 My best affections move:  
 Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles,  
 Thine everlasting love.



- 5 These are the blessings I desire:  
     Lord, be these blessings mine!  
 And all the glories of the world  
     I cheerfully resign.

193.      (287.)      C. M.

*God the Christian's Portion.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
     My help forever near!  
 Thine arm of mercy holds me up,  
     And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet  
     Through this dark wilderness:  
 Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
     To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
     'Twould be no joy to me;  
 And whilst this earth is my abode,  
     I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
     And flesh and heart should faint?  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
     The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners, that remove  
     Far from thy presence, die:  
 Not all the idol-gods they love  
     Can save them, when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God!  
     Shall be my sweet employ.  
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
     And tell the world my joy.



194. (290.) C. M.

*Imploring Mercy.* Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,  
And knock at mercy's door;  
With humble heart and weeping eye,  
Thy favor I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display  
Thy rich, forgiving love;  
O take my heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.
- 3 Without thy grace, I sink oppress'd  
Down to the gates of hell;  
O give my troubled spirit rest,  
And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,  
O may thy bowels move:  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,  
To join thy saints above;  
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,  
And sing thy bleeding love.

195. (295.) S. M.

*God the Preserver of his People.*

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Savior and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,



Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all his faithful sons  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

196. (299.) C. M.

1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh;  
Whose hand indulgent, wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wand'rer mourn;  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?  
Hast thou not said, return?

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!  
Without one cheering ray;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine;  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.



197. (301.) C. M.

*For Salvation from the Power of Sin here,  
and from its Existence finally.*

1 **O** WHEN wilt thou my Savior be!  
O when shall I be clean!  
The true eternal Sabbath see,  
A perfect rest from sin!

2 Jesus! the sinner's rest thou art,  
From guilt, and fear, and pain;  
While thou art absent from my heart,  
I look for rest in vain!

3 The consolations of thy word  
My soul have long upheld;  
The faithful promise of the Lord  
Shall surely be fulfill'd:

4 Joining thy sheep in yonder fold,  
Like them I shall rejoice;  
Like them thy glory shall behold  
And hear my Shepherd's voice:

5 O that I now the voice might hear,  
That speaks my sins forgiven;  
Thy word is past to give me here  
The inward pledge of heaven.

198. E. M.

1 **O**PPRESS'D with guilt, or grief, or care,  
Great God! thy humble suppliants hear.  
Though sunk, we ne'er can sink so low,  
But thou canst hear the voice of wo.

2 Should'st thou against each evil deed  
In strict severity proceed:



By merit, without mercy try'd,  
None could be clear'd and justifi'd.

- 3 But thou forgiveness dost proclaim,  
That men may turn and fear thy name.  
To thy rich grace, O Lord! we fly,  
And on thy promises rely.
- 4 Ye contrite hearts, who guilt deplore!  
Come, seek his face, and sin no more;  
Then shall ye know that God is kind,  
And full redemption with him find.

199.

S. M.

*Gospel Invitation to Repentance.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all around her, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life:  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;  
Jesus, my Savior, come!



## 4. FAITH.

200. (313.) C. M.

*The Power of Faith.*

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And saves me from its snares;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all my cares;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds.  
Where deathless pleasures reign;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I re  
Till this vile body dies;  
And then on Faith's triumphant wings  
At once to glory rise.



## 201. (314.) L. M.

*Faith a Substitute for Vision.*

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,  
 We walk through deserts dark as night;  
 Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
 Faith is our guide and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
 She makes the pearly gates appear;  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray:  
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
 Left his own house to walk with God;  
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

## 202. (318.) L. M

*Faith connected with Salvation.* Rom. i. 16.  
 Heb. x: 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the law of innocence  
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;  
 New works can give us no pretence  
 To have our ancient sins forgiven:
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
 Can make a wounded conscience whole!  
 Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,  
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.



3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word!  
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd:  
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display!  
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;  
 Save me in thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain!

203. (323.) C. M.

*A living Faith necessary.*

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,  
 While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead;  
 None but a living pow'r unites  
 To Christ, the living Head:—

3 A faith that changes all the heart;  
 A faith that works by love;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.

4 Faith must obey our Father's will,  
 As well as trust his grace:  
 A pard'ning God requires us still  
 To perfect holiness.

204. (371.) L. M.

*The glorious Prospects of Faith.*

1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,  
 Resplendent with eternal day;



Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
While God's own word reveals the way.

- 2 There shall the fav'rites of the Lord  
With never-fading lustre shine.  
Surprising honor! vast reward!  
Confer'd on man by love divine.
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,  
Who learn and keep the sacred road!  
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs  
To turn rebellious hearts to God;
- 4 To win them from the fatal way  
Where erring folly thoughtless roves;  
And that blest righteousness display,  
Which Jesus taught and God approves.
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,  
And sparkling stars resign their light.  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,  
O may our spirits daily rise;  
And reach at last the shining choir,  
In the bright mansions of the skies!

205.

L. M.

*Faith without Works is dead.*

- 1 **A**S body, when the soul has fled,—  
As barren trees, decay'd and dead,  
Is faith—a hopeless, lifeless thing—  
If not of righteousness the spring.
- 2 To doers only of his word,  
Propitious is th' all-seeing Lord:



He hears their cries, accepts their pray'rs,  
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.

- 3 In true and active faith, we trace  
The source of ev'ry Christian grace:  
Within the pious heart it plays,  
A living fount of Joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
Where'er the stream has found its way:  
But where these springs not rich and fair,  
The stream has never wander'd there.

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## V. MEANS OF GRACE.

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### 1. THE WORD OF GOD.

206. (1.) L. M.

*The Bible the inspired Source of religious  
Knowledge.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath  
The oracles of truth inspir'd;  
And kings and holy seers of old  
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.
- 2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r,  
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;  
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,  
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news  
Of pardon, through a Savior's blood;



And to a num'rous seeking crowd  
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

- 4 The powers of earth and hell in vain  
Against the sacred word combine;  
Thy providence through ev'ry age  
Securely guards the work divine.
- 5 Thee, its great Author, source of light,  
Thee, its Preserver, we adore;  
And humbly ask a ray from thee,  
Its hidden wonders to explore.

207.

(2.)

L. M.

*The Scriptures inspired.*

- 1 **W**AS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirm'd the messages they brought:  
The prophets pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure:  
This is thy word, and must endure.



208. (3.) C. M.

*The Same.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless treasures find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimier sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!  
Be thou forever near,  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Savior there.

209. (4.) C. M.

*The Word of God an incomparable Treasure.*

- 1 **L**ET av'rice, borne from shore to shore,  
Her fav'rite god pursue:



Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,  
Are open'd to our sight;  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold;  
And here the Savior's lovely face  
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet;  
Here promises of heav'nly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied:  
Naught we can ask to make us blest  
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,  
That so enrich the mind,  
O may we search with eager pains,  
Assur'd that we shall find!

210. (5.) C. M.

*The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.*

1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,  
To form one perfect book:  
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,  
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiv'n,



Nor lead a step beyond the grave,  
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;—  
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

4 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through thy promises I rove  
With ever fresh delight.

5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

·211. (8.) L. M.

*The usefulness of the Scriptures.*

1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before  
To guide them through the dreary waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!  
'Tis for our light and guidance given;  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heaven:

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
And quickens its inactive powers;  
It sets our wandering footsteps right,  
Displays thy love, and kindles ours:

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;  
Its doctrines are divinely true;



212, 213      THE WORD OF GOD.

Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;  
It comforts and instructs us too.

- 5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,  
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
And his distinguished grace adore:

212.            (10.)      C. M.

*The Glory of the Word.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight:  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives—but borrows none.

- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat:  
His truth upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heavenly day.

213.            (11.)      C. M.

*The Scriptures consolatory to the Penitent.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord;  
And not a ray of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.



- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage ;  
Here I behold my Savior's face  
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field, where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 This is the judge, that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
'Through all this gloomy vale.
- 5 O may thy counsels, mighty God !  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road.  
'That leads to thy right hand.

214. (12.) C. M.

*A rational defense of the Gospel.*

- 1 **O** HALL atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our Redeemer God?  
Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways, -  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright,  
Which we are call'd to win.



- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor, .  
     His glorious grace partake?  
 This but confirms his truth the more,  
     For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred name,  
     Indulge their souls in sin?  
 Jesus should never bear the blame,  
     His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong, .  
     Our lips profess his word ;  
 Nor blush, nor fear to walk among  
     The men that love the Lord.
- 

## 2. BAPTISM.

215.

(508.)

S. M.

*Baptism of Children.*

- 1 **L**ORD! what our ears have heard, .  
     Our eyes delighted, trace  
 Thy love in long succession shown .  
     To ev'ry virtuous race.
- 2 Our children thou dost claim,  
     And mark them out for thine:  
 Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
     For goodness so divine !
- 3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
     And bless the happy bands,  
 Which closer still engage their hearts  
     To honor thy commands.



- 4 How great thy mercies, Lord!  
 How plenteous is thy grace,  
 Which in the promise of thy love  
 Includes our rising race!
- 5 Our offspring, still thy care,  
 Shall own their fathers' God,  
 To latest times thy blessings share,  
 And sound thy praise abroad.

216.

(509.)

C. M.

*Infant Baptism.*

- 1 **S**EE. Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
 With all-engaging charms!  
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And takes them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach, 'he cries,'  
 Nor scorn their humble name;  
 It was to save such souls as these,  
 With pow'r and love I came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,  
 And yield them up to thee;  
 Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be!
- 4 Thus Lydia's house was sanctified,  
 When she receiv'd the word;  
 Thus the believing jailer gave  
 His family to the Lord.
- 5 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;  
 Ye children, seek his face;  
 And fly with transport to receive  
 The gospel of his grace



- 6 If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy care, O God! we trust;  
 And let thy promise cheer our hearts,  
 If weeping o'er their dust.

217. (510.) C. M.

*Infant Baptism.* Mark x. 14.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what condescending love  
 Jesus on earth displays!  
 To babes and sucklings he extends  
 The riches of his grace!
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
 To our forefathers giv'n;  
 Young children in his arms he takes,  
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 3 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name;  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came."
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,  
 And yield them up to thee;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine may our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,  
 And form his soul for God;  
 Baptize him with thy spirit, Lord,  
 And wash him with thy blood.
- 6 ["Thus to their parents and their seed  
 Let thy salvation come;  
 And num'rous households meet at last,  
 In one eternal home."]



218.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE sacred institution, Lord,  
Of baptism was enjoin'd by thee,  
So that it might a laver of  
Life and regeneration be.
- 2 Baptism is not mere water, for  
It is united with thy word,—  
Enjoin'd by thy divine command,  
This washing doth thy grace afford.
- 3 "Let little children come to me,"  
Saith Jesus, "and forbid them not;"—  
We bring them, Lord, that they may be  
Thus consecrated to our God.
- 4 May all thy "lambs" be born again  
Of water, and the Holy Ghost,—  
May all thy children grace receive,—  
Believing, and baptiz'd, be saved.
- 5 Give them thy strength to daily drown  
With true repentance, lust and sin,—  
And, with pure righteousness, to crown  
Their sacred covenant with thee.
- 6 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For this divine, this precious gift!—  
May its receivers join thy host  
In heav'n with everlasting praise.

219.

(511.)

L. M.

*Of Adults.*

- 1 **P**ROCLAIM," said Christ, "God's won-  
drous grace  
To all the sons of men ;



He who believes and is baptiz'd,  
Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
Who, hoping in his word,  
This day have publicly declar'd,  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they go on,  
And run the Christian race;  
And in the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 4 And when the awful message comes,  
To call their souls away;  
May they be found prepar'd to live  
In realms of endless day.

220. (512.) L. M.

*Baptism.* Matt. xxviii. 18—23.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Honor the means enjoin'd by Thee,  
Make good our Apostolic boast,  
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,  
Sent to disciple all mankind,  
Sent to baptize into thy name,  
We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father in these reveal thy son,  
In these for whom we seek thy face,  
Thy pard'ning mercy now make known,  
In this, thy sacred means of grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us Thou always art,  
Confirm thy heav'nly washing now,



And through this sacrament impart  
The gifts of heav'n, eternal life.

5 Spirit divine, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.

6 Oh! that the souls baptiz'd herein,  
May now thy truth and mercy feel:  
Redeemer! wash away their sin,—  
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

## 3. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

221. (514.) L. M.

*The Institution of the Lord's Supper.*

1 **“I** WAS on that dreadful, doleful night,  
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose,  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd, and break,  
What love through all his actions ran!  
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 “This is my body broke for sin;  
Receive and eat the living food.”  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine:  
“'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.”

4 “Do this,” he cried, “till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend:



222, 223 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."

222. (515.) C. M.

*Welcome to the Table.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup:  
The juices of the living vine  
Were press'd, to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh bless the Savior, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed;  
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls, appear!  
The righteous in their own esteem  
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you;  
Dear Savior, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place,  
Surely the Lord will welcome me,  
And I shall see his face.

223. (516.) S. M.

*Communion at the Lord's Table.*

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board:  
Here those he died to save may hold  
Communion with their Lord.



2 Our heav'nly Father calls  
 Christ and his members one;  
 We are the children of his love,  
 And he the first-born Son.

3 We are the sev'ral parts  
 Of the same broken bread;  
 Our body with its sev'ral limbs,  
 But Jesus is the Head.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,  
 His glorious name to raise;  
 Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
 And ev'ry voice be praise!

221. (517.) L. M.

1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
 Where our weak senses reach him not;  
 And carnal objects count our eyes.  
 To thrust our Savior from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
 Apt to forget his lovely face;  
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
 These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life his table spread  
 With his own flesh and dying blood;  
 We on the rich provision feed,  
 And taste the wine and bless the God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
 And earth grow less in our esteem;  
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.



225, 226 THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live forever near his face.

225. (522.) C. M.

*Communicants must love Christ and one another.*

- 1 **Y**E foll'wers of the Prince of peace,  
Who round his table draw!  
Remember what his spirit was,  
What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
Did all his actions guide:  
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught;  
Inspir'd by love, he died.
- 3 And do you love him? do you feel  
Your warm affections move?  
This is the proof which he demands,  
That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil,  
Like his be ev'ry mind;  
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,  
And ev'ry action kind.
- 5 Let none, who call themselves his friends,  
Disgrace the honor'd name;  
But by a near resemblance prove  
The title which they claim.

226. (523.) L. M.

*Meditating on the Cross of Chr i s*

- 1 **C**OME see on bloody Calvary,  
Suspended on th' accursed tree,



A harmless sufferer cover'd o'er  
With shame, and weltring in his gore.

2. Is this the Savior long foretold  
To usher in the age of gold?  
To make the reign of sorrow cease,  
And bind the jarring world in peace?
3. 'Tis He, 'tis He!—he kindly shrouds  
His glories in a night of clouds,  
That souls might from their ruin rise,  
And heir the imperishable skies.
4. See, to their refuge and their rest,  
From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,  
Transgressors to his cross repair,  
And find a full redemption there.
5. Jesus, what millions of our race  
Have been the triumphs of thy grace!  
And millions more to thee shall fly,  
And on thy sacrifice rely.

227. (525.) C. M.

*My Flesh is Meat indeed.* John vi. 53—55.

1. **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet  
To feed on food divine:  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.
2. He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies;  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
3. His body torn with rudest hands  
Becomes the finest bread;



And, with the blessing he commands,  
Our noblest hopes are fed.

4 His blood, that from each op'ning vein  
In purple torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
That cheers both God and man.

5 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Savior, so divine!  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.

6 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all;  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at thy call.

## 228.

L. M.

*Sacramental Hymn.*

1 **O** Lord, wherewith have we deserved  
The grace and mercy offered here?—  
We from the path of duty swerved,  
And were not constant in thy fear.

2 Unworthy as we all have proved,  
Thou still dost condescend to bless  
Thy children with thy presence,—moved  
To pity by their sore distress.

3 In sacramental union  
Art Thou with these thy gifts, O Lord,—  
By them we have communion  
With Thee, so saith thy sacred word.

4 Grant that we may be well prepared,  
Lest, as unworthy guests, we sin,



As Paul, thy servant, hath declared,  
Against thy body and thy blood.

5 Forgiveness, strength, and comfort give  
To us, thy children, at this board,  
So that we may in heaven live,  
And praise Thee there in sweet accord.

6 Though feeble human minds may fail,  
This mystery to comprehend;  
Our faith stands firm, until the veil  
Be raised in yonder fatherland.

229. (526.) L. M.

1 **M**Y God! and is thy table spread?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 O let thy table-honor'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges taste.

3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd;  
With warm desire let all attend;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!  
And bid our drooping graces live;  
And more that energy afford,  
A Savior's death alone can give.

5-Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,



230, 231      THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Till with this bread all men are bless'd  
Who see the light or feel the sun!

230.

S. M.

*God our Shepherd.* Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear:  
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 The bounties of his love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days;  
Nor from his house shall I remove,  
Nor cease to speak his praise.

231.

L. M.

*"See, how He loved."*

- 1 **S**EE how he lov'd! exclaim'd the Jews,  
When Jesus sympathizing wept:  
My grateful heart the words shall use,  
While on his life mine eye is kept.



- 2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death;  
But all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 4 And shall such love meet no return?  
Nor wake the passions of the breast?  
Shall not our grateful bosoms burn,  
To prove our love by ev'ry test?
- 5 Yes, we will love thee, Savior, guide,  
For thou hast lov'd us, O how well!  
More than all earthly friends beside,  
More than our feeble lips can tell!

232.

C. M.

*At the Close of the Communion.*

- 1 **O** GOD, accept the sacred hour  
Which we to thee have giv'n;  
And let this hallow'd scene have pow'r  
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,  
The precepts of thy Son;  
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts,  
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,  
From all corruption free;  
And humbly learn, like him, to give  
Our pow'rs, our wills to thee.



- 4 And oft, along life's dang'rous way,  
 To smoothe our passage through,  
 Wilt thou, as on this holy day,  
 For us this scene renew!

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## VI. THE CHRISTIAN.

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### 1. HIS CONVERSION.

233. (359.) L. M.

- 1 **I** HEAR a voice that comes from far;  
 From Calvary it sounds abroad;  
 It soothes my soul, and calms my fear:  
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true, that many fly  
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice;  
 And rather choose in sin to die,  
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice!
- 3 Alas, for those!—the day is near,  
 When mercy will be heard no more;  
 Then will they ask in vain to hear  
 The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,  
 But now I know how great their loss;  
 For sweeter sounds were never heard  
 Than mercy utters from the cross.



## 234. (361.) S. M.

*The Pleasures of Conversion.*

- 1 **H**OW various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,  
Each night thy love record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld  
Gave pleasure to our eyes;  
And nature all our senses held  
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refin'd  
Awaited that blest day,  
When light arose upon our mind  
To chase our sins away.
- 5 How various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Eternity thy truth shall shew,  
And all thy love record.

## 235. (362.) C. M.

*Joy for Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION, O the joyful sound!  
'Tis music to our ears;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay:



But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heav'nly day.

- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

236. (363.) C. M.

*Joy in the Holy Ghost.* Luke i. 46.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My spirit doth rejoice  
In God, my Savior, and my God;  
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home;  
My sighs are now turn'd into songs,—  
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love;  
This is my heav'nly feast.
- 4 There is a stream that issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 5 That stream doth water paradise;  
It makes the angels sing;  
One cordial drop revives my heart  
Hence all my joys do spring.



## 237. (364.) L. M

*Repentance and free Pardon; or Justification and Sanctification.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, forever bless'd,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Savior's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities,  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins!  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines.

## 238. (365.) L. M.

*Happy in the Salvation of God. Psalm xlv. 4.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God! to Thee I raise  
My spirit fraught with joy and praise:  
Grateful I bow before thy throne,  
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord, from Thee,  
Perpetual glide to solace me:  
Their varied virtues to rehearse,  
Demands an everlasting verse.



- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,  
One stream—the widest and the best—  
*Salvation!* Lo, the purple flood  
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to woe;  
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:  
Such joy and purity to share,  
I would remain enraptur'd there.
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know  
The fulness sought in vain below;—  
The fulness of that boundless sea  
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—  
Bids mortals' joys a glad adieu;  
Nor dreads a few chastizing woes  
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

239.

C. M.

*Penitential Gratitude.*

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul, the hours review,  
When aw'd by guilt and fear,  
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,  
And found no rescue here:
- 2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispell'd each bitter care;  
For heaven itself has lent its aid  
To save thee from despair.
- 3 Hear, then, O God! thy work fulfil,  
And, from thy mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,  
And to resist my own:



- 4 So shall my soul each power employ  
 Thy mercy to adore;  
 While heaven itself proclaims with joy—  
 "One pardon'd sinner more!"

240. (368.) L. M.

*The Privileges of the Sons of God.*

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,  
 Who boast the honors of their birth,  
 Such real dignity can claim,  
 As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,  
 To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;  
 Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
 And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 His will he makes them early know,  
 And teaches their young feet to go;  
 Whispers instruction to their minds,  
 And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply:  
 Their steps he guards with watchful eye:  
 Leads them from earth to heav'n above,  
 And crowns them with eternal love.
- 5 If I've the honor, Lord! to be  
 One of this num'rous family:  
 On me the gracious gift bestow  
 To call thee Abba, Father, too:
- 6 So may my conduct ever prove  
 My filial piety and love!  
 Whilst all my brethren clearly trace  
 Their Father's likeness on my face.



## 241. (369.) C. M.

*The pleasures of a pure Conscience.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul that lives on high!  
While men lie grov'ling here,  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings;  
While grace and joy combine  
To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;  
His God in secret sees.  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heav'nly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day,  
When Christ his promise shall fulfil  
And call his soul away.

## 242. (370.) S. M.

- 1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts and fears  
The trembling heart invade,  
And all the face of nature wears  
A universal shade:
- 2 Religion can assuage  
The tempest of the soul;



And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage  
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,  
Her hand unerring leads;  
And o'er the path her heavenly ray  
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tir'd and blind,  
Sinks helpless and afraid;  
Thou blest supporter of the mind,  
How pow'rful is thine aid!

5 O let me feel thy pow'r,  
And find thy sweet relief,  
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,  
And soften ev'ry grief.

243. (372.) C. M.

1 **H**APPY the man, whose wishes climb  
To mansions in the skies!  
He looks on all the joys of time  
With undesiring eyes.

2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,  
And throws her silken chain;  
And wealth and fame invite his arms,  
And tempt his ear in vain.

3 He knows that all these glittering things  
Must yield to sure decay;  
And sees on time's extended wings  
How swift they flee away!

4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,  
A beam of sacred light



244, 245      THE CHRISTIAN:

Directs his view; his prospects rise  
All permanent and bright.

- 5 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come:  
Those blissful scenes on high  
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,  
When time and nature die.

244.

S. M.

*The Christian's Charge.*

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have;  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;  
To serve the present age;  
My calling to fulfil:—  
O may it all my pow'rs engage,  
To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
The strict account to give  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And, on thyself rely:  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forsaken die.

245.

C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the friendly voice which speaks  
The words of life and peace;  
Which bids the upright heart rejoice,  
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 Thou, Lord! in mercy wilt regard  
The humble and sincere;



Thou wilt with gracious eye behold  
The penitential tear.

3 Thou canst restrain wild passion's sway,  
The pow'r of vice control.  
Restore bright reason's ray divine,  
And purify the soul.

4 O God! from error turn my feet,  
That I no more may stray;  
And guide my steps direct and safe  
In virtue's peaceful way.

5 Let me no more, with willful mind,  
Thy righteous laws offend.  
Then shall I know no guilt nor fear,  
If thou be still my friend.

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## 2. HIS DUTY AND GRACES

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### PRAYER.

246.

P. M. 6s &amp; 4s.

1 **M**Y faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary;  
Savior divine!  
Now hear me when I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh let me from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart.



My zeal inspire ;  
 As thou hast died for me,  
 Oh may my love to thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
 A burning fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be thou my guide ;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray,  
 From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold, sullen stream,  
 Shall o'er me roll,  
 Bless'd Savior, then in love,  
 Fear and distress remove ;  
 Oh ! bear me safe above.  
 A ransomed soul.

247. (485.) S. M.

*Importunate Prayer prevalent with God.*  
 Luke xviii. 1—7.

1. **T**HE Lord, who truly knows  
 The heart of ev'ry saint,  
 Invites us by his holy word,  
 To pray and never faint.

2. He bows his gracious ear ;  
 We never plead in vain ;  
 Yet we must wait till he appear,  
 And pray, and pray again.

3. Tho' unbelief suggest,  
 Why should we longer wait ?



He bids us never give him rest,  
But be importunate.

'4 'Twas thus a widow poor,  
Without support or friend,  
Beset the unjust judge's door,  
And gain'd at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear  
His children when they cry?  
Yes, tho' he may a while forbear,  
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in pray'r;  
He loves our importunity.  
And makes our cause his care.

248. (486.) C. M.

*Private Devotion.* Matt. vi. 6.

1 **F**ATHER Divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees thro' the darkest night;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey  
My solemn homage paid,  
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless;



So shalt thou deign in worlds above,  
Thy suppliant to confess.

## 249. (487.) C. M.

*Behold he prayeth.* Acts ix. 11.

- 1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,  
The christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death—  
He enters heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And say,—“Behold he prays.”

## 250. (489.) C. M.

*Reviewing the Mercies of God.* 2 Sam. vii. 13.

- 1 **F**AIN would my soul with wonder trace  
Thy mercies, O my God;  
And tell the riches of thy grace,  
The merits of thy blood.



- 2 With Israel's King, my heart would cry,  
While I review thy ways,  
Tell me, my Savior, who am I,  
That I should see thy face?
- 3 Form'd by thine hand, and form'd for thee,  
I would be ever thine:  
My Savior, make my spirit free,  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell  
On thy redeeming grace;  
O for a thousand tongues to tell  
My dear Redeemer's praise.

251.

(375.)

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With pray'r and praise agree:  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace and joy and love,  
She does commune with God!
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song;  
Nor thirsts for human praise.



## 252. (376.) C. M.

*Evening Twilight.*

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## 253. C. M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;



Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fear within,  
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place;  
That, shelter'd near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

## LOVE TO CHRIST.

254. (442.) L. M.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee!  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon:



'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Savior slain!  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

255. (373.) C. M.

*Christ precious.* 1. Pet. ii. 7.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;



But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 3 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

256. (374.) P. M. 8s & 7s.

*Sitting at Jesus Feet.*

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend:
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station—  
Low before his cross I'll lie;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye;
- 4 Here I'll sit—forever viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood:  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

257. (379.) C. M.

- 1 **O**H, could I find from day to day,  
A nearness to my God:  
Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
And lean upon his word.



- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day;  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.
- 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine;
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore;  
And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

258.

(381.)

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me,  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!  
O may thy love possess me whole!  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire.



- 5 Still let thy love point out my way;  
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!  
 Still lead me, lest I go astray:  
 Direct my word, inspire my thought.
- 6 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,  
 In weakness be thy love my power,  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Receive me in the trying hour.

259. (386.) C. M.

*Jesus precious.* 1 Pct. ii. 7.

- 1 **B**LESS'D Jesus, when my soaring thoughts  
 O'er all thy graces rove,  
 Now is my soul in transport lost—  
 In wonder, joy and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,  
 Like thy beloved name;  
 Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
 My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes  
 Unnumber'd blessings see;  
 But what is life, with all its bliss,  
 If once compared to thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
 Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;  
 If aught can raise my passions thus,  
 Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
 My portion and my joy;  
 Forever let thy boundless grace  
 My sweetest thoughts employ.



- 6 When nature faints, around my bed  
 Let thy bright glories shine;  
 And death shall all his terrors lose,  
 In raptures so divine.

260. (388.) L. M.

*Living to Christ.* Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the road  
 That leads the soul away from God;  
 This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
 To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ by faith my soul would live,  
 From him, my life, my all receive;  
 To him devote my fleeting hours,  
 Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,  
 To him I look, on him I call;  
 He will my ev'ry want supply,  
 In time and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;  
 Soon shall I end my trials here;  
 Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain  
 To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet;  
 Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,  
 And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,  
 To live is Christ—to die is gain.

261. L. M.

*Prayer for Christian Improvement.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who hast at thy command  
 The hearts of all men in thy hand!



My wishes and desires control;  
Mould ev'ry purpose of my soul.

2 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;  
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;  
Suggest whate'er I think and say;  
Direct me in the narrow way.

3 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,  
Lest I in mine own strength confide:  
Show me my weakness; let me see,  
I have my pow'r, mine all from thee.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray;  
Dispose my nature to obey;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.

5 And while I to thine honor live,  
May I to thee all glory give,  
Until the summons, Lord, shall come,  
That calls thy willing servant home.

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CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

262. (389.) L. M.

*The Christian panting for God.*

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim:  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!  
The glories, that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God!  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy Child and servant, bought with blood.



- 3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,  
 For thee I long, for thee I look,  
 As travellers in thirsty lands  
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,  
 No lasting pleasure can afford:  
 Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
 If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
 While I have breath to pray or praise  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 Throughout the remnant of my days.

263.

(392.)

C. M.

*The Christian's Choice.*

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God! :  
 Soon as I know thy way,  
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
 And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
 And glory in my choice;  
 Not all the riches of the earth  
 Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
 I set before mine eyes;  
 Thence I derive my daily strength,  
 And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,  
 I think upon my ways;  
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.



5 Now I am thine, forever thine:  
 O save thy servant, Lord!  
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
 My hope is in thy word.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
 Thy statutes to fulfill;  
 And thus till mortal life shall end  
 Would I perform thy will.

264. (393.) C. M

1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Pow'r!  
 Be my vain wishes still'd;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd;  
 To thee my thoughts would soar.  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:  
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see!  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
 Because bestow'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
 In ev'ry pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:  
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.



- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The low'ring storm shall see;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear:  
 That heart will rest on thee!

265.

(394.)

L. M.

*Confidence in God.*

- 1 **O**UR Father, thron'd above the sky,  
 To thee our empty hands we spread;  
 Thy children at thy footstool lie,  
 And ask thy blessings on their head.
- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
 In that august and precious name,  
 By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,  
 And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 3 Does not an earthly parent hear  
 The cravings of his famish'd son?  
 Will he reject the filial pray'r.  
 Or mock him with a cake of stone?
- 4 Our heav'nly Father, how much more  
 Will thy divine compassions rise;  
 And open thy unbounded store,  
 To satisfy thy children's cries?
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press  
 For gracious audience at thy seat;  
 Still hoping, waiting for success,  
 If persevering to entreat.
- 6 For Jesus in his faithful word  
 The upright suppliant has blest;  
 And all thy saints with one accord  
 The prevalence of pray'r attest.



266. (466.) C. M.

*The Confidence of the Christian.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd:  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall:  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

267. (471.) L. M.

*Safety in God.*

1 **C**OURAGE, my soul! while God is near,  
 What enemy hast thou to fear?  
 How canst thou want a sure defense,  
 Whose refuge is Omnipotence?

2 Tho' thickest dangers crowd my way,  
 My God can chase my fears away:  
 My steadfast heart on him relies,  
 And all those dangers still defies.

3 Tho' billows after billows roll,  
 To overwhelm my sinking soul;



Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,  
Upheld by God's almighty hand.

- 4 In life, his presence is my aid;  
In death, 'twill guide me thro' the shade;  
Chase all my rising fears away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

268.

(473.)

L. M.

*No Trust in the Creatures; or Faith in di-  
vine Grace and Power.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;  
My rock and refuge is his throne.  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face:  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity;  
Laid in the balance both appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your heart on glittering dust;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God hath spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declared,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
"All power is his eternal due:  
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."



- 6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne:  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

269. (357.) P. M. Ss.

*Jesus the Anchor of the Soul.*

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:  
 The love of God forgiving sin,  
 Through Jesus crucified and slain.  
 His mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heav'n and earth have pass'd away.
- 2 Father! thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far;  
 Thine heart still melts with tenderness,  
 Thine arms of love still open are;  
 And Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Tho' strength and health and friends be gone,  
 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:  
 On this my steadfast soul relies,  
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 Tho' my heart fail and strength decay.  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away.  
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.



## 270. (437.) C. M.

*Prayer for divine Guidance.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Jacob, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led!
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer ;  
And in thy kind and faithful breast  
Deposit all our care.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O! spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease ;  
And at our fathers' lov'd abode  
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,  
We'll our whole selves resign ;  
And thankful own, that all we are,  
And all we have, are thine.

## 271. L. M.

*Glorying in God alone.* Jeremiah ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state ;  
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,  
All heav'n before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides ;



Such works are pleasing in his sight,  
And such the men of his delight.

3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;  
No more, ye strong, your valor trust;  
Nor let the rich survey their store,  
Replete with heaps of shining ore.

4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,  
That God, thy God, to thee is known;  
That thou hast own'd his sov'reign sway,  
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.

5 My wisdom, wealth, and pow'r I find  
In one Jehovah all combin'd.  
On him I fix my roving eyes,  
Till all my soul in rapture rise.

6 All else which I my treasure call,  
May in one fatal moment fall:  
But what his happiness can move,  
Whom God the blessed deigns to love?

## CHRISTIAN GRACES.

272. (422.) L. M.

*When shall I come and appear before God?*  
Psalm xlii. 1, 2, 5.

1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling springs,  
So longs my soul, O King of kings,  
Thy face in near approach to see,  
So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.

2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,  
To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires;



When shall I reach thy blest abode?  
When meet the presence of my God?

- 3 God of my strength, attend my cry,  
Say why, my great Preserver, why  
Excluded from thy sight I go,  
And bend beneath a weight of wo?
- 4 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest?  
And whence the woes that fill my breast?  
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,  
On God thy steadfast hope repose.
- 5 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,  
My sure defense, my constant aid;  
His name my zeal shall ever raise,  
And dictate to my lips his praise.

273. (426.) L. M.

*Prayer for spiritual mindedness.*

- 1 **M**Y God! permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Father, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
Thy gracious word can draw me thence.  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her cares, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone;



In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

274. (427.) L. M.

*Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more;  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;  
Retir'd and silent seek them there:  
This is the way to overcome,  
The way to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then with the visits of thy love  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;  
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

275. (428) S. M.

*The Blessedness of God's Children.*

- 1 **M**Y Father! cheering name!  
O may I call thee mine!  
Give me with humble hope to claim,  
A portion so divine.



- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly;  
What real balm can reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign;  
For thou art just, and good, and wise:  
O bend my will to thine!
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear;  
Still let me know, a Father reigns,  
And trust a Father's care.
- 5 If anguish rend this frame,  
And life almost depart:  
Is not thy mercy still the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart?
- 6 Thy ways are little known  
To my weak erring sight;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own,  
That all thy ways are right.
- 7 My Father! blissful name!  
Beyond expression dear:  
If thou admit my humble claim,  
I bid adieu to fear.

276. (430.) L. M.

*Humility.*

- 1 **W**HEREFORE should man, frail child of  
clay,  
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
Lives but the insect of a day,—  
O why should mortal man be proud?



- 2 His brightest visions just appear,  
 Then vanish, and no more are found:  
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubts perplex'd, in error lost,  
 With trembling steps he seeks his way  
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!  
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,  
 Are crowded in life's little span:  
 How ill, alas, does pride become  
 That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 God of my life! Father divine!  
 Give me a meek and lowly mind;  
 In modest worth O let me shine,  
 And peace in humble virtue find.

277. (431.) C. M.

*Fruits of Love.* 1 Cor. 13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem  
 Their faith and zeal declare;  
 All their religion is a dream,  
 If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
 Nor is provok'd in haste;  
 She lets the present inj'ry die,  
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
 She quenches with her tongue;  
 Hopes and believes and thinks no ill,  
 Tho' she endures the wrong.



- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the time;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,  
To seek her neighbor's good.  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And save us by his blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
In all the realms above;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But saints forever love.

278. (432.) S. M.

*Love to the Brethren.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie, that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain:  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.



- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free;  
 And perfect love and friendship reign  
 Through all eternity.

279. (134.) S. M.

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 **L**O, what a pleasing sight  
 Are brethren that agree!  
 How blest are all, whose hearts unite  
 In bonds of piety!
- 2 From those celestial springs,  
 Such streams of comfort flow  
 As no increase of riches brings,  
 Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,  
 And each performs his part,  
 In all the cares of life and love,  
 With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,  
 By one-desire possess'd,  
 One aim the zeal of all employs,  
 To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,  
 Where such affections meet;  
 While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs  
 Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills  
 The breast in worlds above;  
 Where joy like morning-dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.



## 280. (435.) C. M.

*Submission.* Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my best desires fulfill,  
 And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
 Whose love forbids my fears?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand,  
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No—let me rather freely yield  
 What most I prize to thee,  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,  
 Thou art engag'd to grant:  
 What else I want, or think I do,  
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wislom and mercy guide my way:  
 Shall I resist them both?  
 A poor blind creature of a day,  
 And crush'd before the moth?
- 6 But ah! my inmost spirit cries,  
 Still bind me to thy sway;  
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
 Drives all these thoughts away.

## 281. (436.) L. M.

*Love the chief of Graces.*

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
 And nobler speech than angels use;  
 220



If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the bowels of the poor;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God, and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal  
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

282. (433.) C. M.

*The Importance and Influence of Love.*

1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear:  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love, that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move.  
The devils know, and tremble too;  
But devils do not love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease.



'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

283. (439.) S. M.

*Watchfulness.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait.  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame,  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, he's near.  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crown'd.

284. C. M.

- 1 **F**ORSAKE, my soul! the tents of sin,  
How false her joys appear!  
Noise and confusion dwell within;  
Peace is a stranger there.
- 2 The men, who keep the laws of God,  
His choicest blessings share;  
Or, if he lifts his chast'ning rod,  
'Tis with a Father's care.



- 3 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just ;  
 His wisdom point their way ;  
 His eye shall watch their sleeping dust ;  
 His hand revive their clay.
- 4 Begin, ye saints, the joyful task ;  
 His praise employ your tongue ;  
 And soon eternity will ask  
 A more exalted song.

285.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET sorrow, Lord, my bosom fill,  
 When impious men transgress thy will ;  
 Teach me to mourn, when lips profane  
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 With indignation may I treat  
 The works of malice and deceit ;  
 And ever from their friendship flee,  
 Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.
- 3 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?  
 Do I indulge some unknown sin ?  
 O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

286.

(446.)

L. M.

*Christian Holiness.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine !
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Savior God,



When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth, and love  
Our inward piety approve.
  - 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 

### 3. HIS VARIOUS RELATIONS.

287. (398.) C. M.

*The Complaint under Darkness.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE in God, the word commands,  
And fain would I obey;  
Yet still my spirit lingering stands,  
While doubts impede my way.
- 2 How can my soul exult for joy,  
Which feels this load of sin?  
And how can praise my tongue employ,  
While darkness reigns within?
- 3 Whence should my lips give rapture birth,  
When I no rapture feel?  
Or how should notes of heavenly mirth,  
Sound from a breast of steel?
- 4 If falling tears and rising sighs,  
In triumph share a part;



Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,  
And search this bleeding heart!

5 My soul forgets to use her wings;  
My harp neglected lies;  
For sin has broken all its strings,  
And guilt shuts out my joys.

6 The power, the sweetness, of thy voice,  
Alone my heart can move;  
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,  
And melt my soul to love.

238. (399.) P. M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

*Cast down, yet hoping.* Psalm xlii. 5.

1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
Bid thy restless fears be gone;  
Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What tho' Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day?  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay?  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin:  
He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.



4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
 And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
 His right hand shall still defend thee;  
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God!  
 Therefore praise him—  
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him  
 Like the heavenly host above,  
 Who forever bow before him,  
 And unceasing, sing his love!  
 Happy songsters!  
 When shall I your chorus join?

289.

(402.)

L. M.

1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise!  
 What anxious fears and jealousies!  
 What crowds in doubtful light appear!  
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2 And what am I?—My soul, awake,  
 And an impartial survey take.  
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
 In practice or in heart appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?  
 Is Jesus form'd and living there?  
 Say, do his lineaments divine  
 In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still;  
 The secret of my soul reveal;  
 My fears remove; let me appear  
 To God and my own conscience clear!



290. (403.) L. M.

*Hope encouraged by a View of the Divine Perfections.* 1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?  
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?  
 Can sovereign Goodness be unkind?  
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?

2 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;  
 On him alone my hopes recline:  
 The wondrous glories of his name,  
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine!

3 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!  
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!  
 Here let me trust, while I adore,—  
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

4 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
 'Then I have all my heart can crave;  
 A present help in times of need;  
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

5 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord!  
 And ease the sorrows of my breast;  
 Speak to my heart the healing word,  
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

291. (404) L. M.

*Return of Joy.*

1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.



- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart;  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbor one hard thought of thee!
- 3 O let me then at length be taught  
(What I am still so slow to learn.)  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
I find myself a learner yet,—  
Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will;  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;  
Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

292. (406.) S. M.

*Apostasy.* 2 Pet. ii. 22.

- 1 **Y**E, who in former days,  
Were found at Zion's gate;  
Who walk'd awhile in wisdom's ways,  
And told your happy state;
- 2 But now to sin draw back,  
And love again to stray,  
The narrow path of life forsake,  
And choose the beaten way;



- 3 Think not your names above  
Are written with the saints ;  
The promise of eternal love  
Is his who never faints.
- 4 Your transient joy and peace  
Your deeper doom have seal'd,  
Unless you wake to righteousness,  
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

293. (409.) L. M.

*Complaining of Inconstancy.*

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind :  
The morning cloud and early dew,  
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,  
Scarce through a single hour the same ;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness :  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

294. (414.) C. M.

*Pardon.* Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !



How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return:"  
Dear Lord, and may I come?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn;  
Oh, take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to bliss and life restore  
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Savior, I adore;  
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

295. (416.) C. M.

*Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24. !

1 **O**H! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame:  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,  
How sweet their memory still!



But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast:

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

296. (417.) C. M.

1 **D**EAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wand'ring sheep;  
False to my vows, like Peter, I  
Would fain, like Peter, weep.

2 Now let me be by grace restor'd,  
To me thy mercy shown;  
Oh turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

3 Almighty Prince, enthron'd above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Grant, thro' the greatness of thy love,  
The humble, contrite heart.

4 Give, what I should have long implor'd,  
A taste of love unknown;



Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

5 Behold me, Savior, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die;  
For life, and happiness, and love,  
Smile in thy gracious eye.

6 Speak but the reconciling word;  
Let mercy melt me down:  
Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

297. (419.) L. M.

*Perseverance desired.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Savior and my God,  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;  
By ties, both natural and divine,  
I am, and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me  
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate;  
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate:  
And yet so mighty are my foes,  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord!  
Grace in the needful hour afford:  
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine  
With fortitude and love divine.
- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears;



So shall I to the world proclaim  
The honors of the Christian name.

298. (447.) L. M.

*"For here have we no continuing City, but  
we seek one to come."* Heb. xiii. 14.

1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here;  
This may distress the worldly mind;  
But should not cost a saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
Sad truth were this to be our home;  
But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
Then let us live as pilgrims do;  
Let not the world our rest appear;  
But let us haste from all below.

4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
We seek a city out of sight:  
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,  
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
The time my God appoints is best:  
While here, to do his will be *mine*;  
And *his* to fix my time of rest.



## 299. (448.) L. M.

*Longing for our heavenly Home.*

- 1 " **O** ZION, when I think of thee,  
 I wish for pinions like a dove,  
 And mourn to think that I should be  
 So distant from the place I love.
- 2 " An exile here, and far from home,  
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,  
 Till either the ransom'd nations come,  
 And see the Savior eye to eye.
- 3 " While here I walk on hostile ground,  
 The few that I can call my friends,  
 Are like myself, with fetters bound,  
 And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 " But yet we shall behold the day  
 When Zion's children shall return;  
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
 And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 " The hope that such a day will come,  
 Makes even the exile's portion sweet:  
 Though now we wander far from home,  
 In Zion soon we all shall meet."

## 300. (450.) L. M.

*The narrow Way.*

- 1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road!  
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known!  
 None but the upright and sincere,  
 Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,  
 One only leads to joys on high;



By that my willing steps ascend,  
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.

- 3 No more I ask or hope to find  
Delight or happiness below;  
Sorrow may well possess the mind  
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,  
I seek immortal joys above;  
There glory without end shall be  
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,  
Contented lick your native dust;  
But God shall fight with all his storms,  
Against the idol of your trust.

301. (452.) P. M. 8s, 7s, 8s & 7s.

*Grateful Recollection on the Journey of Life.*

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above:  
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come:  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood.



- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.

302. (453.) P. M. 7s.

*Rejoicing in Hope.* Isaiah xxxv. 10.

Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
 Sing your Savior's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!  
 Christ our advocate is made;  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes—  
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest.  
 There your seat is now prepar'd—  
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.



- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

303. (454.) C: M.

- 1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground ;  
We seek that promis'd soil :  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts  
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bath'd in tears :  
Yet naught but heav'n our hopes can raise,  
And naught but sin our fears.
- 3 The flow'rs, that spring along the road,  
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;  
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,  
Nor waste one anxious look.
- 4 We tread the path our Master trod ;  
We bear the cross he bore ;  
And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,  
His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away  
In ecstasies of love ;  
And, while our bodies wander here,  
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,  
Refining as we run ;  
But, while we die to earth and sense,  
Our heav'n is here begun.



## 304. (455.) P. M. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

*Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.*

1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand:  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow,  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside:  
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

## 305. (460.) L. M.

1 **T**HE darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs!  
'Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs;  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive:  
God bids the soul, that seeks him, live;  
And, from the gloomiest shade of night,  
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown  
Are in these water'd furrows sown.



See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain;  
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground,
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And find his sheaves and bring them home;  
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,  
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

306. (461.) C. M

*Affliction sanctified.* Psalm xlii.

- 1 **A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
Can reinstate my peace,  
And he who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid that tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count his mercies o'er;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose  
And press'd on every side,  
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,  
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod;



He's more than all the world to me,  
My health, my life, my God!

307. (464) C. M.

*Pleading with God under Affliction.*

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain  
Of deep distress within,  
Since every sigh, and every pain,  
Is but the fruit of sin?
- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,  
Nor ever dare rebel;  
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,  
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,  
And beat upon my soul;  
One trouble to another cries,  
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;  
Till I am tempted, in despair,  
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look  
Once more to thee, my God:  
O fix my feet upon a rock,  
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face  
Will set my heart at ease;  
One all-commanding word of grace  
Will make the tempest cease.



308. (465.) C. M.

*The Desert.* 1 Pet. v. 8.

- 1 **W**HEN night descends in sable guise,  
And spreads her gloom around,  
To close the weary traveller's eyes,  
And rest him on the ground,
- 2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,  
The wanderer faints to hear,  
The wild alarm on every side,  
Which speaks some danger near.
- 3 So in this wilderness of life,  
Whene'er afflictions come,  
We sink, as in a night of grief,  
Far from our sheltering home.
- 4 The tempter's, like a lion's roar,  
Sounds through the vale abroad,  
Then let us watch, and ever more  
Depend upon our God.
- 5 From every other help afar,  
And left without a friend,  
God is a helper ever near,  
And faithful to the end.

309. (476.) C. M.

*View of Canaan.* Deut. xxxii. 49.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight!



Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
And when shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight my raptur'd soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I launch away.

310. (479.) L. M.

*Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ.*  
Phil. i. 23.

1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with my clay,  
And longs to wing its flight away.



2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,  
And fain'ts my much-lov'd Lord to see;  
Earth, twine no more about my heart!  
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys! come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home;  
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—  
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful-interview, how sweet!  
To fall transported at his feet!  
Rais'd in his arms. to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 As with a seraph's voice to sing!  
To fly as on a cherubs wing!  
Performing, with unwearied hands,  
The present Savior's high commands.

6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
We'll wait thy signal for the flight,  
For, while thy service we pursue,  
We find a heaven in all we do.

311. (480.) L. M.

*The dying Christian.*

1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come;  
I hear the voice that calls me home;  
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run;  
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;  
And now my witness is on high,  
And now my record's in the sky.



3 Not in mine innocence I trust;  
 I bow before thee in the dust;  
 And through my Savior's blood alone,  
 I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,  
 Save for the friends I held so dear:  
 To heal their sorrow, Lord, descend,  
 And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come at thy command;  
 I give my spirit to thy hand;  
 Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,  
 And shield me in the last alarms!

6 The hour of my departure's come;  
 I hear the voice that calls me home;  
 Now, O my God! let trouble cease,  
 Now let thy servant die in peace.

312.

P. M. 7s.

*Christ's Example in Suffering.*

1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel temptation's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
 Watch with him one bitter hour.  
 Turn not from his griefs away;  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,  
 Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd:  
 See him meekly bearing all!  
 Love to man his soul sustain'd!  
 Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss:  
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.



- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;  
 There, admiring at his feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time,  
 God's own sacrifice complete!  
 "It is finish'd," hear him cry:—  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid his breathless clay.  
 All is solitude and gloom:  
 —Who has taken him away?  
 Christ is ris'n; he meets our eyes,  
 Savior, teach us so to rise.

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## VII. THE CHURCH.

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### 1. GENERAL AND MISSIONARY HYMNS.

313. (528.) L. M.

*Effusion of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
 When the divine disciples met;  
 While on their heads the Spirit came,  
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!  
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!  
 Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,  
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
 Were by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,



The heathens saw thy glory, Lord!  
And, wond'ring, bless'd thy gracious word.

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,  
And the whole race of man confess  
The beauty of thy holiness!

314. (529.) L. M.

*The kingdom of Christ shall cover the earth.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with grateful song;  
And with united hearts proclaim,  
That grace and truth by Jesus came.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
The sting of death is known no more:  
In him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

315. (531.) L. M.

*The Universal Reign of Christ.* Rev. xi. 15.  
and xiv. 3.

- 1 **H**ARK! what triumphant strains are these,  
Which echo through the vault of heaven?



"To Jesus once on Calvary slain,  
The kingdoms of the earth are given."

- 2 Hark! the new song before the throne,  
Which only the redeem'd can raise;  
Angels may tune their golden harps,  
But cannot reach these notes of praise.
- 3 They worship our exalted Lord,  
And hail him universal King;  
But saints—the purchase of his blood,  
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.
- 4 The wonders of his dying love  
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,  
While with ecstatic joy they shout  
New honors to his sacred name.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,  
From barbarous nations long unknown,  
From polish'd Greeks and Scythians rude,  
A countless host surround the throne.
- 6 In robes of spotless white array'd,  
And palms of victory in their hand,  
With holy wonder and delight,  
The trophies of his grace they stand.
- 7 [And still till time shall be no more,  
The mighty concourse shall increase;  
And Jesus gain, in heathen lands,  
New subjects of the reign of peace.]

316. (532.) C. M.

*Desire for the Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine;



And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
Enjoy the heav'nly word,  
And vassals, long-enslav'd, become  
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
And learn and feel his grace?

6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform  
Their cruelty to love;  
Soften the tiger to a lamb,  
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays;  
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,  
The temples of thy praise.

317. (535.) L. M.

*Prospect of Success.* John iv. 35, 36.

1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draw near,  
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;



The barren wilderness assume  
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events, with prophecies, conspire  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :  
The rip'ning fields, already white,  
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow ;  
The exil'd slave waits to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart  
In the blest labor share a part,  
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long has held his throne.

6 From eastern to the western skies,  
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;  
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek and Jew  
By sov'reign grace be form'd anew.

318. (544.) C. M.

1 **G**O, and the Savior's grace proclaim,  
Ye messengers of God ;  
Go, publish, thro' Immanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What tho' your arduous track may lie  
Thro' regions dark as death ;



What tho' your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path :

- 3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,  
And, arm'd with pow'r divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labors shine.
- 4 He who has call'd you to the war  
Will recompense your pains ;  
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car,  
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not tho' earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause ;  
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes  
Shall bow before his cross.

319.

(548.)

L. M.

*Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,  
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall, at his brightness, flee away,  
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 "Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law :  
And antichrist on ev'ry shore,  
Fall from his throne to rise no more."
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound  
On Afric's shores—thro' India's ground,



And islands of the southern sea  
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
In pure devotion at thy feet:  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.

6 O that from Zion now might shine  
This heavenly light, this truth divine:  
Till the whole universe shall be  
But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

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## 2. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

320.

L. M.

1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone:  
Let my religious hours alone:  
From flesh and sense I would be free,  
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire,  
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,  
And feel thy influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,  
When I can see thy glories shine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand  
To cheer me in this barren land;  
And in thy temple let me know  
The joys that from thy presence flow.



## 321. (491.) L. M.

*The happiness of humble Worship. Psalm  
lxxxiv.*

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,  
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!  
Fain would my longing passions meet  
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,  
Whom thy indulgent favors raise  
To dwell in those abodes of joy,  
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate  
Affords more real joy to me,  
Than thousands in the tents of state;  
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 4 God is a sun; our brightest day  
From his reviving presence flows;  
God is a shield, through all the way,  
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,  
How blest, divinely blest, is he,  
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,  
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

## 322. (494.) L. M.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word:  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixt with what we hear:



- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above:  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy,  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear:
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
Teach us to know and do thy will:  
Thy saving power and love display;  
And guide us to the realms of day.

323. (499.) S. M.

*Love to the Church.*

- 1 **I** LOVE thy Zion, Lord!  
The house of thine abode;  
The church, O blest Redeemer! sav'd  
With thine own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God!  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons  
My voice or hands deny:  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her wo:  
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,  
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.



- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
 For her my pray'rs ascend ;  
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n,  
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
 I prize her heav'nly ways,  
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

## 324. (502.) L. M

- 1 **L**ORD! 'tis a pleasant thing, to stand  
 In gardens planted by thy hand.  
 Let me within thy courts be seen,  
 Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
 Blest with thine influence from above:  
 Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
 Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;  
 Time that doth all things else impair,  
 Shall make them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show,  
 The Lord is holy, just, and true.  
 None, that attend his courts shall find  
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

## 325. (503.) L. M.

*Preparation for Worship.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
 Away from earth; our souls retreat ;  
 We leave this worthless world afar,  
 And wait and worship near thy seat.



- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,  
We bow before thee and adore;  
We view the glories of thy face,  
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,  
United pray'rs ascend on high;  
And faith expects a sure return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father! my soul would here abide;  
Or, if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep me, Father, near thy side,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

326.

(504.)

C. M.

*Readiness to serve God in his House.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
Through all thy temple shine:  
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.



- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
 Can my best passions move,  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.

## 327.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
 Let young and old rejoice :  
 To him be vows and homage paid  
 Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord :  
 How dreadful is this place !  
 With meekness let us hear his word,  
 With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires—  
 The voice of praise and prayer,  
 The soul's affections, hopes, desires,  
 Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,  
 Propitious from the skies,  
 The Lord, the Maker of them all,  
 Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,  
 From sin he grants release ;  
 According to his faith 'tis done,  
 He bids them go in peace.

## 328.

(505.)

L. M.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father! hear our vows  
 On this thy day, in this thy house ;



And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly sabbath, Lord! we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above:  
Thy servants to that rest aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 There languor shall no more oppress;  
The heart shall feel no more distress;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
That dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,  
No conscious guilt disturb our joy;  
But every doubt and fear shall cease,  
And perfect love give perfect peace.

5 When shall that glorious day begin,  
Beyond the reach of death or sin;  
Whose sun shall never more decline,  
But with unfading lustre shine!

329. (506.) L. M.

1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King!  
To praise thy name give thanks and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:  
No mortal care shall fill my breast;  
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word.

3 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
When doubts and fears no more remain,  
To break my inward peace again.



- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
 All I desir'd, or wish'd below;  
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
 In the eternal world of joy.

## 330.

(507.)

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made:  
 He calls the hours his own.  
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earh be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day arose our glorious Head,  
 And death's dread empire fell,  
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
 And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah! the annointed King  
 Ascends his destin'd throne.  
 To God your grateful homage bring,  
 And his Messiah own.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men  
 With messages of grace;  
 Who came in God his Father's name,  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise!  
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

## 331.

L. M.

*The Mercy-Seat.*

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
 From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around the common mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah! whither could we fly for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?
- 4 There, there on angel's wings we soar,  
And sin, and sense, seem all no more;  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

## 332.

C. M.

- 1 **O** HAPPINESS, thou pleasing dream,  
Where is thy substance found?  
Sought through the varying scenes, in vain,  
Of earth's capacious round.
- 2 Religion's sacred lamp alone  
Unerring points the way,  
Where happiness forever shines  
With unpolluted ray.

## 333.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,  
And bow before his throne?



- Oh! how procure his kind regard,  
And for my guilt atone;
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,  
And spicy fumes ascend?  
Will these my earnest wish succeed,  
And make my God my friend?
- 3 O no, my soul! 'twere fruitless all;  
Such offerings are vain:  
No fatlings from the field or stall  
His favor can obtain.
- 4 To men their rights I must allow,  
And proofs of kindness give;  
To God with humble rev'rence bow,  
And to his glory live.
- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,  
He never will despise;  
And cheerful duty he'll prefer  
To costly sacrifice.

334.

C. M.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground:  
Now let the dew of heav'n descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;  
That all whose souls the truth receive  
Its saving pow'r may know.



335.

C. M.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **A** GAIN our ears have heard the voice,  
At which the dead shall live:  
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,  
And strength immortal give!
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?  
And have we felt its pow'r?  
To keep it be our blest employ,  
Till life's concluding hour.

## 3. PASTORAL.

336.

(566.)

L. M.

*The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from  
Christ. Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
Smile on our' homage and our vows;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Savior's care.
- 2 The Savior, when to heaven he rose  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honor'd name:  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
In lowlier form to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live;



While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through the last courses of the sun ;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;  
Pastors and people sing his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

### 337. (565.) L. M.

*At the Ordination or Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Savior, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word ;  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the gospel of their Lord.
- 2 "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name ;  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
The gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 "The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 "Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove :  
And let your heav'n-taught conduct show,  
That you're commission'd from above.
- 5 "Freely from me ye have receiv'd ;  
Freely in love to others give ;



Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd  
And by your labors sinners live."

- 6 Happy those servants of the Lord,  
Who thus their Master's will obey!  
How rich, how full is their reward,  
Reserv'd until the final day!

338. (567.) C. M.

*Watching for Souls in View of the great  
Account.* Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all arise  
To watch, long as they live;  
And let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Savior's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls which must forever live  
In raptures, or in wo.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how shall we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.



**339.** (561.) L. M.

- 1 **D**RAW near, O Son of God, draw near,  
Us with thy flaming eye behold ;  
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,  
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,  
And let them in thy lustre glow,  
The lights of a benighted land,  
The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their Apostolic boast,  
Their high commission let them prove,  
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,  
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love,
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,  
Release them. Lord, from sin and fear ;  
Fix their affections all above,  
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word ;  
Thou speakest to the churches now :  
And let all tongues confess their Lord,  
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

**340.** (562.) S. M.

*Wherefore, take unto you the whole Armor  
of God. Eph. vi. 13.*

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my ev'ry thought ;  
My whole of sin remove ;



Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!  
And let my knowing zeal be join'd  
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal,  
Let me enforce thy call;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!  
In all thy footsteps tread;  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove!  
And hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

341. (563.) L. M.

*The Pastor's Wish for his People.* Phil. iv. 1.

1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,  
Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
My present joy, my future crown,  
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
Of the Redeemer's righteousness:  
Adorn the gospel with your lives,  
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,  
When he, descending from the skies,



Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
In his all-glorious image rise.

- 4 Glory in his dear, honor'd name,  
To him inviolably cleave;  
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;  
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,  
Himself and all his people view!

342.

L. M.

*At the Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who art above all height!  
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!  
Beneath thy throne of love and light,  
Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We join in praise, that here is set  
A vine that by thy culture grew;  
We join in pray'r, that thou wouldst wet  
Its op'ning leaves with heav'nly dew.
- 3 Since thy young servant now hath giv'n  
Himself, his pow'rs, his hopes, his youth,  
To the great cause of truth and heav'n,  
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!
- 4 And may his doctrines drop-like rain,  
His speech like Hermon's dew distill,  
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,  
Ripe for the harvest, wait thy will.
- 5 And when he sinks in death,—by care,  
Or pain, or toil, or years oppress'd—



O God! remember thou our pray'r,  
And take his spirit to thy rest.

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## 4. CONFIRMATION.

343.

C. M.

- 1 **O** IN the morn of life, when youth  
With vital ardor glows,  
And shines in all the fairest charms  
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers  
Are yet by vice enslaved,  
Be thy Creator's glorious Name  
And character engraved:
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of thy days;  
And cares and toils, in endless round,  
Encompass all thy ways:
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,  
With vain regret deplore,  
And sadly muse on former joys,  
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,  
In age will give thee rest;  
O then, improve the morn of life,  
To make its evening blest.

344.

(652.)

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY is he, whose early years  
Receive instruction well;



Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.

- 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To serve the Lord betimes;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young:  
With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
And makes our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God! to thee  
Our hearts we now resign:  
'Twill please us, to look back and see,  
That our whole lives were thine!
- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise  
Employ our daily breath:  
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,  
Or fit for early death.

345. (653.) L. M.

*A Call to the Young.*

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God;  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts;  
His book records your secret faults:  
The works of darkness men have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,



Down to the regions of the dead,  
With bitt' rest curses on his head.

- 4 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 5 God of the young ! turn off their eyes,  
From earth's alluring vanities ;  
And let the warnings of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord !

346.

(654.)

L. M.

*Prayer for the Children of the Church.*

- 1 **D**EAR Savior, if these lambs should stray,  
From thy secure enclosure's bound ;  
And, lur'd by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,  
That thy dear sacred name they bear,  
Think that the seal of love divine,—  
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,  
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.



347. (590.) L. M.

*On the first Approach at the Lord's Table,  
or Confirmation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,  
I yield to thee beyond recall ;  
Accept thine own, so long withheld—  
Accept what I so freely yield !
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live—thine would I die—  
Be thine thro' all eternity ;  
The vow is past beyond repeal ;  
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 5 Be thou the witness of my vow—  
Angels and men attest it too.  
That to thy board I now repair,  
And seal the sacred contract there.
- 6 Here at thy cross, where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God ;  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,  
The great engagement to perform ;  
Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.



348.

(591.)

L. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,  
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;  
Welcome with us thy hand to join,  
As partner of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace.  
We're travelling to a blissful place;  
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,  
Conduct thee on from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,  
It shall be light, and not be long;  
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,  
And wear an everlasting crown.

349.

(592.)

L. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,  
To this rich gospel feast of love—  
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n  
To that immortal feast above.
- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet  
Around the sacramental board,  
And hold by faith communion sweet,  
With Christ our dear and common Lord.
- And*  
3 If so sweet this feast below.  
What will it be to meet above,  
Where all we see, and feel, and know,  
Are fruits of everlasting love!
- 4 Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre  
While list'ning worlds the song approve,  
Eternity itself expire,  
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.



## 350.

L. M.

*Christian Decision and Dedication to God.*

(CONFIRMATION.)

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
 On thee, my Savior and my God!  
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
 And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,  
 To him who merits all my love!  
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
 While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
 I am the Lord's, and he is mine.  
 Help me, great God, to follow on,  
 Obedient to thy voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, mine oft divided heart;  
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest.  
 With ashes who would grieve to part,  
 When call'd on angels' food to feast?
- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,  
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;  
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

## 351.

P. M. 7s.

*True Happiness only in God.*

- 1 **H**APPINESS! thou lovely name.  
 Where's thy seat? O tell me where?  
 Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
 All cry out, "It is not here."



- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny.  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.
- 3 Source and giver of repose,  
Mine it is, if thou art mine.  
Singly from thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are thine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,  
Ev'ry object yields me joy.  
Here O may I walk with thee,  
Then into thy presence die.
- 5 Let me but thyself possess,  
Real bliss I then shall prove—  
Total sum of happiness,  
Heav'n below, and heav'n above!

352.

P. M. Ss &amp; 7s.

*The Happiness of forsaking all to follow Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
Self renounc'd and sin forsaken:  
Thou alone my guide shall be.
- 2 Perish, ev'ry false ambition—  
All, the world has lov'd or known:—  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heav'n are still mine own.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:  
In thy service pain is pleasure;  
With thy favor, loss is gain.



- 4 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find in ev'ry station  
 Something still to do or bear.
- 5 Think, what spirit dwells within thee ;  
 Think, what Father's smiles are thine ;  
 Think, that Jesus died to win thee :  
 Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r.  
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee ;  
 God's own hand shall lead thee there.
- 7 Soon shall close thine earthly mission ;  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days :  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

## 353.

## C. M.

- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye men and angels ; now  
 Before the Lord we speak,  
 To him we make our solemn vow,  
 A vow we dare not break ;
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
 Nor from his cause will we depart,  
 Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on his grace rely ;  
 That, with returning wants, the Lord  
 Will all our need supply.



- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,  
 And keep us in thy ways;  
 And, while we turn our vows to prayers,  
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

354.

S. M.

*Prayer for Christian Principles.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my strength, my hope,  
 On thee I cast my care.  
 With humble confidence look up,  
 And know thou hear'st my pray'r.  
 Give me on thee to wait,  
 Till I can all things do;  
 On thee, almighty to create,  
 Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a sober mind,  
 A self-reneuncing will.  
 That tramples down and casts behind  
 The baits of pleasing ill:  
 A soul inur'd to pain,  
 To hardship, grief, and loss—  
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
 The consecrated cross.

- 3 I want a godly fear,  
 A quick discerning eye,  
 That looks to thee when sin is near,  
 And sees the tempter fly;  
 A spirit still prepar'd,  
 And arm'd with jealous care,  
 Forever standing on its guard,  
 And watching unto pray'r.

- 4 I want a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim,



Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,  
 To thee and thy great name;  
 A zealous, just concern  
 For thine immortal praise;  
 A pure desire that all may learn  
 And glorify thy grace.

- 5 I rest upon thy word;  
 Thy promise is for me:  
 My succor and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from thee.  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into thy perfect love.

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### 5. CONGREGATIONAL.

355. (572.) L. M.

*At the Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,  
 With constant care, thy humble sheep.  
 By thee inferior pastors rise  
 To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
 Modell'd by thine own gracious heart,  
 Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
 Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear;  
 And, by their fair example led,  
 The way to Zion's pasture tread!



- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;  
Thy saints are succor'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of thy praise.

356.

(574.)

L. M.

*People's Prayer for their Minister.*

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly pow'r, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend ;  
His person bless, his soul secure,  
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace :  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send,  
O love him, save him to the end :  
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;  
In him thy mighty pow'r exert ;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

357.

L. M.

- 1 **S**UPREME and universal light!  
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !



Without whose kind, directing ray,  
In everlasting night we stray :

- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,  
What all thy sacred laws decree ;  
Worthy that intellectual flame,  
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 No slaves to profit, shame, or fear,  
O may our steadfast bosoms bear  
The stamp of heav'n, an honest heart,  
Above the mean disguise of art!
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;  
But with a Christian zeal embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant:  
No more we wish, no more we want.  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below, is bliss above.

358.

P. M. 7s.

*On opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of pray'r and praise.  
Thou thy people's heart prepare  
Here to meet for praise and pray'r !
- 2 Let the living here be fed :  
With thy word, the heav'nly bread ;  
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,  
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land !



Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah!—hence ascend  
Pray'r and praise, till time shall end.

359. (577.) C. M.

*Funeral of a faithful Minister.*

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,  
The happy soul is fled;  
The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,  
E'en to his latest breath;  
The truth he had proclaim'd so long  
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,  
Above this dusky sphere;  
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,  
While yet he sojourn'd here.
- 4 The Church's loss we all deplore,  
And shed the falling tear;  
Since we shall see his face no more,  
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb;  
Oh, may we ready stand;  
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
To dwell at thy right hand.



360. (594.) L. M.

*Laying the corner Stone for a Church.*

- 1 **T**O-DAY we lay the corner stone,  
To rear our sacred walls upon,  
A house for God, who's pledg'd to be  
Where he is sought by two or three.
- 2 Where I record my name, says he,  
And where my children honor me,  
There I will come to own and bless  
My ordinances with success.
- 3 But Jesus is the corner stone,  
For us to build our hopes upon;  
On him the edifice may rise  
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.
- 4 When storms and tempests round prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail;  
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,  
On him securely we abide.
- 5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell;  
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 6 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 7 God of the churches! thou art near;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,  
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own.



361. (595.) L. M.

*On opening a new Place of Worship.*

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode?  
And will he from his radiant throne  
Regard our temples as his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,  
That no tumultuous foes invade,  
To fill the worshipers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honor raise:  
Long may they echo with thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.

362. (597.) C. M.

*On opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy presence now display;  
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise;



And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow!

5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers;  
And in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

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## VIII. CONSUMMATION OF THINGS.

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### I. DEATH.

363. (696.) C. M.

1 Samuel xv. 32.

1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life,  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God, at thy command!



- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,  
 And close my sightless eyes;  
 When shatter'd by the weight of years  
 This broken body lies:
- 3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life  
 Stands ready to depart;  
 When the last sigh that shakes the frame  
 Shall rend this bursting heart:
- 4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,  
 Whose arm alone can save,  
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
 The entrance to the grave!
- 5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand  
 Beneath my sinking head;  
 And, with a ray of love divine,  
 Allume my dying bed!

364. (698.) S. M.

- 1 **O** H, where shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul?  
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh;  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:



## DEATH.

Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;—  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest—  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

365. (699.) L. M.

### *The tolling Bell.*

1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be called to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go;  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then when the solemn-bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;



Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

366. (701.) C. M.

*The Voice of the Tomb.*

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry:  
"Ye living men, come view the ground,  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed  
In spite of all your towers!  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
And are we still secure?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepare no more!
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace  
To fit our souls to fly:  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

367. (702.) C. M.

*The Vanity of Man as mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame!  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast;  
A fleeting hour of time:  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.



- 3 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I resign my earthly hope,  
 My fond desires recall;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

368. (703.) C. M.

*Death at hand.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we.
- 2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,  
 As months and days increase;  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell  
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.
- 4 Good God! on what a slender thread,  
 Hang everlasting things!  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Yet while a world of joy or wo  
 Depends on ev'ry breath,  
 Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go,  
 Upon the brink of death.



- 6 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous road ;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God !

369. (704.) L. M

- 1 **T**HAT awful hour will soon appear,  
 Swift on the wings of time it flies  
 When all that pains or pleases here,  
 Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence,  
 And none resist the fatal dart ;  
 Continual warnings strike my sense,  
 And shall they fail to strike my heart ?
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends  
 On the short period of to-day :  
 Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,  
 Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;  
 Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r ;  
 And not in dreams and trifles lose  
 This little, this important hour !
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart  
 With heav'nly ardor, grace divine ;  
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,  
 For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill,  
 Each awful warning to improve :  
 And, while my days are short'ning still,  
 Prepare me for the joys above !



## 370. (705.) L. M.

*Numbering our Days.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternity! from thee  
Did infant time his being draw;  
Moments and days, and months and years,  
Revolve, by thine unvari'd law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;  
Steady and strong the current flows;  
Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
The boundless gulf from which it rose.
- 3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race  
Along the mighty stream are borne  
On to their everlasting home,—  
That country whence there's no return.
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side  
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,  
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart  
To know the price of ev'ry hour;  
That time may bear me on to joys  
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

## 371. (706.) L. M.

*Man fading and reviving.*

- 1 **T**HE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noon-day heats  
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,



The momentary glories waste,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,  
When youth its pride and beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colors shine  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast and death devour,  
If heav'n must recompense our pains;  
Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
If firm the word of God remain.

372. (707.) C. M.

*Victory over Death.*

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,  
In all his dire array;  
Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe  
Whose frown my soul alarms?  
Dark horror sits upon his brow;  
And vict'ry waits his arms.
- 3 But see my glorious Leader nigh!  
Jesus, my Savior, lives:



Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.

4 O may I meet the final hour  
With fortitude divine!

Sustain'd by his almighty pow'r,  
The conquest must be mine.

5 Lord! I commit my soul to thee:  
Accept the sacred trust;  
Receive this nobler part of me,  
And watch my sleeping dust.

6 O let me join angelic lays,  
And, with the blissful throng,  
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,  
In everlasting song!

373. (708.) L. M.

*Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away:  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,



While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

374.

(709.)

S. M.

*Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these, our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
With our immortal tongues.



## 375. (710.) C. M.

*Death of Friends and Relatives.*

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn;  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!  
Our helper and our friend;  
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,  
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led;  
While love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys;  
Let hope our grief dispel:  
The dead in Jesus shall arise  
In endless bliss to dwell.

## 376. (711.) L. M.

*On the Death of a parent.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's voice you must obey,  
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,  
That hand, which takes your joys away,  
That sov'reign hand can heal your wo.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore  
The parent gone, remov'd the friend!  
With hearts resign'd, his grace adore,  
On whom your nobler hopes depend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children come  
Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light!



Yet, when he calls them to their home  
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?

- 4 His word—here let your souls rely—  
Immortal consolation gives:  
Your heav'nly Father cannot die,  
Th' eternal Friend forever lives.
- 5 O be that best of friends your trust;  
On his almighty arm recline;  
He, when your comforts sink in dust,  
Can give you comforts more divine.

377. (712.) C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes,  
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upward learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,  
And beams a healing ray;  
And guides us from the darksome tomb,  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,  
She calms the swelling wo;  
In hope we meet our happy friends,  
And tears forget to flow.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,  
That earthly comfort dies;  
But lasting happiness explore,  
And ask it from the skies.



## 378. (713.) C. M.

*Death of the Young.*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord!  
With transport all divine;  
Thy image trace in every word,—  
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
While infants in thy tender arms  
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,  
"And lay them in my breast;  
Protection they shall find in me,—  
In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,  
But can't dissolve my love;  
Millions of infant souls compose  
The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,  
And mould with heavenly skill:  
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,  
And shout, with joys divine,  
Dear Savior, all we have and are  
Shall be forever thine.

## 379. (714.) C. M.

*On the Death of a Child.*

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour;  
How soon the vapor flies!



- Man is a tender transient, flow'r,  
That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
Each mournful thought employs:  
And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
And wither'd all her joys.
- 3 But wait the interposing gloom,  
And lo! stern winter flies;  
And, dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,  
The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
When what we now deplore  
Shall rise in full immortal prime  
And bloom to fade no more.
- 5 Then cease, fond nature! cease thy tears;  
Religion points on high:  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys that cannot die.

380. (715.) C. M.

*At the Funeral of a young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O, may this truth, impress'd  
With awful power,—“I too must die:”  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;  
Behold the gaping tomb!



It bids us seize the present hour,  
To-morrow death may come.

- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

381. (717.) L. M.

*The dying Christian.*

- 1 **F**ROM his low bed of mortal dust,  
Escap'd the prison of his clay,  
The new inhabitant of bliss  
To heav'n directs his wond'rous way.
- 2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,  
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,  
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,  
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes ;
- 3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,  
No more affliction wrings his heart ;  
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—  
Forever he and anguish part !
- 4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,  
In thy cold bosom let it lie ;



Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—  
 Soon must it rise, no more to die!

382. (719.) C. M.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death;  
 The glories that surround a saint,  
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone!"  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Its mansions near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
 To trace the spirits flight;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil  
 Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much. (and this is all) we know,  
 Saints are completely blest;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
 And with their Savior rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
 His face they always view;  
 Then let us foll'wers be of them,  
 That we may praise him too.

383. (720.) P. M. 8s & 6s.

- 1 **W**HEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,  
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,  
 Who liv'd averse from sin!  
 Such peace on virtue's path attends,  
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,  
 The Christian's joys begin.



- 2 See smiling patience smooth his brow!  
 See bending angels downwards bow,  
 To lift his soul on high!  
 While, eager for the blest abode,  
 He joins with them to praise the God,  
 Who taught him how to die.
- 3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes;  
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,  
 As from the sinner's breast:  
 His God, the God of peace and love,  
 Pours kindly solace from above,  
 And heals his soul with rest.
- 4 O grant, my Savior, and my Friend!  
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,  
 So calm my ev'ning close;  
 While, loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,  
 With steady confidence I fly  
 To thee from whom I rose!

384.

(721.)

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high;  
 And here my spirit waiting stands,  
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
 Must be dissolv'd and fall,  
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 "Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
 That forms thee fit for heaven,  
 And as an earnest of the place,  
 Has his own Spirit given.



- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

385.

L. M.

*Faith of the Ancients.* Heb. xi. 33, 34.

- 1 **B**LEST is the mem'ry of the just,  
And sweet their slumbers in the dust!  
Though lost; long lost to mortal eye,  
Their well-earn'd fame shall never die.
- 2 In life's fair book the Patriarchs live;  
Prophets and saints instruction give;  
Though dead, they speak the truth divine,  
And in example brightly shine.
- 3 My soul, these ancient heroes view;  
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue.  
Warm'd by each word, and glorious deed,  
In the same blessed path proceed.
- 4 O may I in their triumphs share,  
When the great Savior shall appear,  
To raise them up to high renown  
And give them an immortal crown!

386.

(723.)

L. M.

*The Grave.* Job iii. 17.

- 1 **T**HE grave is now a favor'd spot,—  
The saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;



For there the wicked trouble not,  
And there the weary are at rest.

2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms ;  
At rest as in a peaceful bed ;  
Secure from all the dreadful storms,  
Which round this sinful world are spread.

3 Thrice happy souls, who've gone before  
To that inheritance divine !  
They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
But bright in endless glory shine.

4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,  
Or in a gentle measure flow ;  
We hail them happy in the sky,  
And joyful wait our call to go.

387. (724.) L. M.

1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread  
Await the sinner's dying bed !  
Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
And fill his soul with sad surprise ;  
Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,  
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;  
Where'er he turns he finds no rest :  
Death strikes the blow ; he groans and cries,  
And in despair and horror dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss :—  
His soul is filled with conscious peace ;



A steady faith subdues his fear !  
He sees the happy Canaan near,

- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;  
No terrors in his looks are seen ;  
His Savior's smile dispels the gloom,  
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord ! make my faith and love sincere,  
My judgment sound, my conscience clear  
And when the toils of life are past,  
May I be found in peace at last.

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## 2. RESURRECTION.

388. (727.) L. M.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more ;  
But, calm and cheerful, will resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave,  
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust ;  
My God shall raise my frame anew  
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning ! through the skies,  
And usher in that glorious day :  
Come quickly, Lord ! cut short the hours :  
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay
- 4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,  
That we may join in heav'nly joys,  
And sing the triumphs of the day.



389.

(728.)

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign :  
Lord ! 'tis enough that thou art mine !  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world, to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 O glorious hour ! O bless'd abode !  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Savior's image rise.

390.

(729.)

C. M.

*Hope in the Resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We soldiers of an injur'd King  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid :  
In this our last retreat,



Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise, and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then life's soft dew o'er every eye  
Shall shed its mildest rays,  
And the long silent dust shall burst  
With songs of endless praise.

391. (730.) C. M.

*The Resurrection of the Just.*

1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,  
And triumph o'er the just,  
While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades!  
The dawn of heav'n appears:  
The sweet, immortal morning spreads  
Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, "ye dead arise,"  
And lo! the graves obey;  
And waking saints with joyful eyes  
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
Rise to the mid-way air:



In shining garments meet their King,  
And bow before him there.

- 5 O may our humble spirits stand  
Among them cloth'd in white!  
The meanest place at his right hand  
Is infinite delight.

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### 3. JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY.

392. (734.) L. M.

*Books opened.* Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,  
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,  
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,  
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;  
Both small and great now quit their dust,  
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,  
Big with th' important fates of men!  
Each word and deed now public made,  
Written by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To ev'ry soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward;  
Sinners in vain lament and pine:  
No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,  
May life's fair book my soul approve;



There may I read my name enroll'd,  
And triumph in redeeming love.

393. (298.) C. M.

*The Terrors of Judgment, and Penitence  
from them.*

1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:—

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;  
Thy nature is benign:  
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore;  
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine  
On my benighted soul!  
Correct my passions, mend my heart,  
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace  
In that decisive hour,  
When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And time shall be no more.



394. (738.) C. M.

*Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise;  
And view the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

395. (740.) C. M.

*The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place



Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !

2 Sweet majesty, serenest love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
Through every heavenly street,  
And lay their highest honors down  
Submissive at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man  
Whom we unseen adore ;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Savior divine, our souls aspire,  
To see thy bless'd abode,  
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise  
To our incarnate God.

6 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight  
We long to leave our clay,  
And wish thy fiery charriots, Lord,  
To fetch our souls away.

396. (742.) C. M.

*The Delights of Heaven inconceivable.*

1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepar'd  
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come ;



- The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps his Father's book of life;  
There all their names are found;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.

## 397. (743.) C. M.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,  
With all your feeble light,  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon  
Pale empress of the night!
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd!  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display;



Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes;  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall share  
With infinite delight.

398. (744.) C. M.

1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word,  
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels, cloth'd in light!  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven!  
And God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their numerous sins forgiven,

5 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest!  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be forever bless'd.



## 399. (745.) C. M

*Anticipation of Heaven.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue;  
And let the joys of heaven impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord there shall cease;  
And perfect joy, and love sincere  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin forever free,  
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;  
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright,  
The exalted Savior shines,  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honors to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire;  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join th' angelic choir.

## 400. (747.) L. M.

*Heaven alone can satisfy the Soul.*

- 1 **F**ROM this world's joys and senseless mirth,  
O come, my soul! in haste retire;



Assume the grandeur of thy birth,  
And to thy native heav'n aspire.

2. 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee bless'd,  
Can ev'ry wish and want supply;  
Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,  
Are all above the lofty sky.
3. Eternal mansions! bright array!  
O blest exchange! transporting thought!  
Free from th' approaches of decay,  
Or the least shadow of a spot.
4. There shall mortality no more  
Its wide extended empire boast;  
Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,  
In life's unbounded ocean lost.
5. There dwells the sovereign Lord of all,  
The God that all the worlds adore;  
With whom is bliss that cannot pall,  
And joys that last forever more.

401.

C. M.

1. **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the great decree  
That Adam's race must die:  
One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
2. Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must quickly dwell.  
Hark how the awful summons sounds  
In ev'ry fun'ral knell!
3. Once you must die, and once for all:  
The solemn purport weigh;



For know, that heav'n and hell are hung  
On that important day.

4 Those eyes so long in darkness veil'd,  
Must wake, the Judge to see ;  
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought  
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold  
My Savior and my Friend ;  
And far beyond the reach of death  
With all his saints ascend !

402.

L. M.

1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns:  
Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,  
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They dare rehearse his awful name  
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;  
A friend or brother they defame,  
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,  
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;  
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,  
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 And, while his judgments long delay,  
They grow secure and sin the more ;  
They think he sleeps, as well as they ;  
And put far off the evil hour.

5 O dreadful hour, when God draws near,  
And sets their crimes before their eyes !  
Anguish their guilty souls shall tear,  
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.



403.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall against the Lord prevail?  
Or who presume to say,  
"That righteous law, which God proclaims,  
I dare to disobey?"
- 2 Ten thousand actions ev'ry where  
The impious language speak:  
Yet pow'r omnipotent stands by,  
Nor do its thunders break.
- 3 But, O! the dreadful day draws near,  
When God's avenging hand  
Shall shew, if feeble mortals' breath,  
Or God's own word shall stand.
- 4 My soul, with rev'rence prostrate fall,  
Before the voice divine;  
And all thine int'rest and thy pow'rs  
To his command resign.
- 5 Let the vain sons of Belial boast,  
Their tongues and thoughts are free:  
My noblest liberty I own,  
When subject most to thee.

404.

(751.)

S. M.

*The final Sentence and Misery of the Wick-  
ed. Matt. xxv. 41:*

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes!
- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall this dread sentence sound;



## JUDGMENT AND ETERNITY.

And, through the numerous guilty throng,  
Spread black despair around?

3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day;  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead;  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Savior bled;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.



## IX. SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

## 1. THE SEASONS.

405. (593.) L. M.

*The Seasons formed by God's Control.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, at whose all-pow'rful call,  
At first arose this beauteous frame!  
By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty 'bids the infant year,  
From winter storm recover'd, rise;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh op'ning to our wand'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see  
The earth in vernal beauty dress'd!  
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,  
Thy blooming glories shine confess'd!
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
And light, and genial heat conveys;  
And, while he leads the seasons on,  
From thee derives his quick'ning rāys.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,  
Stands the rich grain or purpled vine;  
At thy command they rise, to yield  
The strength'ning bread or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God! from ev'ry part  
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;



We see; we taste;—let ev'ry heart  
With grateful love and duty glow.

406. (599.) L. M.

*The Seasons crowned with Goodness.* Psalm.

lxv. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy!  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
To hail the Sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command,  
Perfumes the air, and paints the land:  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores,  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.



407. (602.) C. M.

*The Spring improved.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,  
 How alter'd is the scene!  
 'The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
 'The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers  
 Beauteous around us spring;  
 The birds, with joint harmonious powers,  
 Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,  
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt;  
 I feel 'tis winter still within,  
 Though all is spring without.
- 4 O! would my Savior, from on high,  
 Break through these clouds and shine,  
 No creature then more bléss'd than I,  
 No song more loud than mine.
- 5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,  
 And overcome my foes;  
 O make my languid graces thrive,  
 And blossom like the rose!

408. (603.) C. M.

*Summer—a Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
 My soul, wake all thy powers:  
 He calls, and at his voice come forth  
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
 My tongue, his goodness sing;



Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.

- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop:  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.

- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness:  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams  
The rip'ning harvest bless.

- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop:  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sown in hope.

409. (605.) L. M.

*Autumn.* Jer. viii. 20.

- 1 **G**REAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes make the rolling year;  
As time, with rapid pinions flies,  
May ev'ry season make us wise.
- 2 Long has thy favor crown'd our days,  
And summer shed again its rays;  
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,  
No blasting winds our path assail'd.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,  
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;  
Our tables spread, our garners stor'd!  
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,  
The closing day of life and grace:



Time of decision, awful hour!  
Around it let no tempests low'r!

- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;  
Then shall our happy souls above,  
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

410. (606.) C. M.

*Winter.* Job xxxviii. 29, 30.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws its icy chains;  
Enëcircling nature round;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart;  
And drooping, lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, when mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad;  
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
The soul-reviving ray;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great Source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore;



And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter chills no more.

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## 2. THE NEW YEAR.

411. (87.) C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days,  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favors brought  
From thy exhaustless store;  
But, ah! in vain my laboring thought  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my day,  
Thy bounteous hand would trace,  
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise  
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!  
For favors more divine;  
That I have known thy sacred word,  
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And every weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
And raise me to the skies.



## 412. (607.) L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God! we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand;  
The op'ning year thy mercy shows:  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;  
'The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues;  
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

## 413. (608.) L. M.

*Dependence on God.*

- 1 **G**OD of our lives! thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each op'ning year.  
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew our annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the dark regions of the dead,



Since, from this day, the changing sun  
Through his last yearly course has run!

- 3 We yet survive; but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
I shall retain my vital breath,  
Thus far at least in league with death?
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God!  
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode:  
We hold our lives from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign;  
Make us and own us still as thine:  
Then shall we smile, secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming shore  
Where years and death are known no more.

414. (656.) C. M.

- 1 **M**Y flying years, time urges on;  
What's mortal must decay;  
My friends—my youth's companions gone,  
Can I expect to stay?
- 2 Can I exemption plead, when death  
Projects his awful dart?  
Can med'cine then prolong my breath?  
Or virtue shield my heart?
- 3 Oh! no—then smooth, O Lord, the hour;  
On thee my hope depends:



Support me with almighty pow'r,  
While dust to dust descends.

- 4 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!  
(While angels guard the way,)  
With rapture haste to thine abode,  
To dwell in endless day.

- 5 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,  
Thy love I'll then proclaim:  
And join the choir of saints that sound  
Their great Redeemer's name.

415.

C. M.

*Sun, stand thou still.* Joshua x. 12.

- 1 "STAND still, refulgent orb of day!"  
The Jewish victor cries:  
So shall, at last, an angel say,  
And tear it from the skies.

- 2 A flame, intenser than the sun,  
Shall melt his golden urn;  
Time's empty glass no more shall run,  
Nor human years return.

Then, with immortal splendor bright;  
That glorious orb shall rise,  
Which through eternity shall light  
The new-created skies.

- 4 His moral triumphs then complete,  
Jesus, our Lord, shall place  
Before his heav'nly Father's seat  
The heirs of life and grace.

- 5 Unceasing flows the mortal tide;  
Unceasing let it flow:



If thou, O Lord, our guard and guide,  
Wilt daily grace bestow.

- 6 Then, sun of nature! roll along  
And bear our years away:  
The sooner shall we join the song  
Of everlasting day.

416.

P. M. 7s.

*New-Year.*

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun:  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here!  
Fix'd in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below:  
We a little longer wait;  
But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream.  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;  
All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old;  
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above!



3. MORNING AND EVENING.

417. (612.) L. M.

*God renews his Mercies Morning and Evening.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours !  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command ;  
To thee devote my nights and days ;  
Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
Demand perpetual hymns of praise.

418. (614.) C. M

*A Morning Song.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heavens on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise :  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.



- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead  
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine  
Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

419. (616.) C. M.

*Praise to God in the Morning.*

- 1 **L**ORD of my life! O may thy praise  
Employ my noblest pow'rs,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
And fills the circling hours!
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,  
I pass the shades of night,  
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,  
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes  
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay;  
Thy watchful care was round my bed  
To guard my feeble clay.



- 5 O let the same almighty care  
 My waking hours attend:  
 From ev'ry trespass, ev'ry snare,  
 My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
 And guide my future days;  
 And let thy goodness fill my soul  
 With gratitude and praise.

420.

(621)

L. M.

*Resolutions in the Morning.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul! and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 By influence of the light divine,  
 Let thy own light to others shine;  
 Reflect all heaven's propitious rays  
 In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord! I my vows to thee renew:  
 Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will;  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
 All I design to do or say;  
 That all my pow'rs with all their might  
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me, while I slept!  
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
 I may of endless light partake.



421. (624.) L. M.

*The Lord's Day.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Lord's-day is begun:  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast of heav'n.  
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense, to the skies;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.
- 4 With joy, Great God! thy works we view  
In various scenes both old and new;  
With praise we think on mercies past,  
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away.  
How sweet, this day of rest to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

422. (628.) P. M. 7s.

- 1 **S**AFELY thro' another week,  
God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day.  
Day of all the week the best;  
Emblem of eternal rest!



- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name  
Show thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sins and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 Here we're come, thy name to praise;  
Let us feel thy presence near:  
May thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.
- 4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints.  
Thus let ev'ry Lord's-day prove,  
Till we join the church above.

423. (630.) L. M.

*An Evening Hymn.* Job viii. 9.

- 1 **A**NOTHER fleeting day is gone,  
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;  
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,  
Swift from the records of the year;  
And still with each successive sun,  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone,  
'To tell thy secrets, O my soul;



Faithful before th' eternal throne  
 Thy slightest folly 'twill enroll.

- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,  
 To join the fugitives before:  
 And I when life's employ is done,  
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone,  
 And soon a fairer day shall rise ;  
 A day, whose never-setting sun,  
 Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 6 Another fleeting day is gone,  
 In solemn silence rest, my soul ;  
 Bend—bend before his awful throne,  
 Who bids the morn and evening roll !

424. . (629.) L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;  
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 And strength supplies for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow of my head :  
 His ever-watchful eye will keep  
 Its constant guard around my bed.
- 4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !



And in the morning may I bear  
Thy loving kindness on my heart!

425. (631.) L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

426. (634.) C. M.

*Evening.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care  
I've pass'd another day,  
Let me this night thy mercy share,  
And teach me how to pray.



- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn  
My guilt before thy face ;  
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare  
The tokens of thy love ;  
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare  
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close my eyes,  
To sleep in death's embrace,  
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,  
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

427.

(635.)

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear,  
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,  
Upon my bed to rest ;  
So death will soon remove me hence,  
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears ;  
May angels guard me while I sleep,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when I early rise,  
To view th' unwearied sun,  
May I set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run :



SICKNESS AND RECOVERY. 428, 429

- 5 That when my days are past,  
And I from time remove,  
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

428. (642.) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! thou wilt hear me when I pray;  
I am forever thine:  
I walk before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free;  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;  
And, when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope rely  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep!

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4. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

429. (672.) C. M.

*Hope in Sickness.*

- 1 **L**ORD! I am pain'd; but I resign  
My body to thy will;  
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine  
Appoints the pains I feel.



- 2 Dark are the ways of providence,  
 When those who love thee groan :  
 Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,  
 Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,  
 And plead before her God,  
 Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break  
 Beneath thy heavy rod.
- 4 The mournful groans and flowing tears,  
 Give my poor spirit ease ;  
 While every groan my Father hears ;  
 And every tear he sees.
- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
 With peace upon its wings ;  
 Give it, O God thy swift command,  
 With all the joys it brings !

430. (674.) C. M.

*Sick bed Devotion ; or, Pleading without  
 repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
 Behold the pains I feel ;  
 But I am dumb before thy throne,  
 Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
 They come at thy command ;  
 I'll not attempt a murmuring word  
 Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,  
 Remove thy sharp rebukes ;  
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies  
 Through thy repeated strokes.



- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust;  
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were,  
May I be well prepar'd to go  
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall occupy me still,  
And I'll declare thy love.

431. (676.) C. M.

- 1 **'T**IS hard, from those we love, to go,  
Who weep beside our bed,  
Whose tears bedew our burning brow,  
Whose arm supports our head:
- 2 When fading from the dizzy view,  
I sought their forms in vain;  
The bitterness of death I knew,  
And groan'd to live again.
- 3 'Tis dreadful when th' accuser's pow'r  
Assails the sinking heart,  
Recalling ev'ry wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part.
- 4 Yet, Jesus, in that mortal fray,  
Thy blessed comfort stole,  
Like sunshine in an autumn day,  
Across my darken'd soul.



- 5 When soon, or late, this feeble breath,  
 No more to thee can pray,  
 Support me thro' the vale of death,  
 And in the darksome way.
- 6 When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again  
 I wait thy dread decree ;  
 Judge of the world, remember then  
 That thou hast died for me.

432. (677.) C. M.

*God our help in Trouble.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, the awful hour will come.  
 Apace it passeth on,  
 To bear this body to the tomb,  
 And thee to scenes unknown.
- 2 My heart, long lab'ring with its woes,  
 Shall pant and sink away ;  
 And you, my eye-lids, soon shall close,  
 On the last glimm'ring ray.
- 3 Whence in that hour shall I receive  
 A cordial for my pain,  
 When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,  
 Those friends would weep in vain ?
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace !  
 To thee my spirit flies,  
 And opens all its deep distress  
 Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,  
 And ev'ry secret fear ;  
 The meaning of each broken groan  
 Well notic'd by thine ear.



- 6 O fix me by that mighty pow'r,  
Which to such love belongs,  
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,  
And groans are chang'd to songs.

433. (679.) L. M.

*The Frailty of Man.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night:  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long;  
And when thy face was turn'd aside,  
My health was gone, my comfort died.
- 3 Hear me, O God of grace! I said:  
And raise me from among the dead:  
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt;  
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 4 I will extol thee, Lord, on high.  
At thy command diseases fly:  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 5 Thine anger but a moment stays;  
Thy love is life and length of days:  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning-star restores the joy.

434. (680.) C. M.

*God delivereth his Saints from Affliction.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pitied ev'ry groan:



- Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away :  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My off'ring shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 4 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd ;  
He bade my pains remove.  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest ;  
For thou hast known his love.

## 435. (682) C. M.

*Sickness and Recovery.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days ;  
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain ;  
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
Didst chase the fear of hell ;  
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips  
Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head  
On thy dear faithful breast ;



Pleas'd to obey my Father's call  
To his eternal rest.

5 Into thy hands, my Savior God,  
Did I my soul resign.  
In firm dependence on that truth,  
Which made salvation mine.

6 Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command I come:  
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,  
To thy celestial home.

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5. PUBLIC AND NATIONAL BLESSINGS AND AFFLICTIONS.

436. (685.) L. M.

*Thanksgiving.*

1 **P**RAISE, happy land! Jehovah's name;  
His goodness, and thy bliss proclaim;  
For thee each blessing largely flows,  
That freedom's lib'ral hand bestows.

2 Thy children are secure and bless'd;  
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;  
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy latter rains;  
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
And well the springing corn defends.



437, 438    NATIONAL BLESSINGS

- 4 But he hath nobler works and ways,  
To call his people to his praise :  
To all our land his laws are shown ;  
His gospel's through the nation known.

437.                                    C. M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich thy bounties are !  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,  
The plants in beauty grew ;  
Thou gavest the summer's suns to shine,  
The mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;  
Thy hand all nature hails ;  
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,  
Summer nor winter fails.

438.                                    L. M.

*Providential Bounties improved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights! we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.



- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed  
 The copious drops of genial rain,  
 Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,  
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread,  
 Yet millions of our guilty race,  
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
 But, what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
 Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,  
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
 And thou, O God, enjoy'd in all.

439. (686.) C. M.

*National Security from God.*

- 1 **I**N vain opposing nations rage,  
 If God with us abide:  
 One word of his dissolves their strength,  
 And humbles all their pride.
- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet;  
 He gives the dread command,  
 And war its desolation spreads  
 Through ev'ry trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,  
 And desolations cease;  
 War's loud alarms are heard no more,  
 And all the world is peace.



440, 441 NATIONAL BLESSINGS

- 4 Mortals, adore his sovereign pow'r,  
Nor dare provoke his rod:  
Through all your various tribes be still,  
And know that he is God.

440. (688.) L. M.

*In Time of War.* Psalm xlv.

- 1 **O**N Thee, great Ruler of the skies,  
On thee our steadfast hope relies;  
When hostile powers against us join,  
What aid so present, Lord, as thine?
- 2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,  
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,  
Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,  
And whirl her hills into the deep;—
- 3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes  
That deep in all its horrors rise,  
While, as the tumult spreads around,  
The mountains tremble at the sound.
- 4 Behold fair Sion's blest retreat,  
Where God has fix'd his awful seat;  
Whose walls to heaven's almighty Lord  
His chosen residence afford.
- 5 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Bids storms around her harmless fly;  
His early care each foe withstands.  
And backward turns the yielding bands.

441. (690.) L. M.

*Prayer for Peace.* Amos iii. 1—6.

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of thy sword,



O whither shall the helpless fly?  
To whom but thee direct their cry?

- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears  
Are grown familiar to thine ears:  
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,  
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee our guardian God we call—  
Before thy throne of grace we fall;  
And is there no deliverance there?  
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn—  
To our forsaken God we turn!  
O spare our guilty country—spare  
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;  
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;  
We plead thy gracious promises:—  
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down  
On guilty lands in helpless wo:—  
Let them prevail to save us too.

442.

(692.)

L M.

*Confession and Prayer.*

- 1 **O** MAY the power which melts the rock  
Be felt by all assembled here!  
Or else our service will but mock,  
The God whom we profess to fear!
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,  
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!



We own thy just, uplifted hand,  
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care  
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot;  
While other nations far and near,  
Have envied and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,  
The glorious gospel brightly shone  
And oft our enemies have felt  
That God has made our cause his own.

5 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard  
Our vile requital of his love!  
We, whom like children he has rear'd,  
Rebels against his goodness prove.

6 His grace despis'd, his pow'r defied,  
And legions of the blackest crimes,  
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,  
Are signs that mark the present times.

7 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd his rod;  
Ah, where are now the faithful few  
Who tremble for the ark of God,  
And know what Israel ought to do?

8 Lord, hear thy people every where,  
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;  
The nation and thy churches spare,  
And let thy rod be turn'd away.

443. (693.) P. M. 7s.

*Praise for Deliverance and Peace.*

1 **P**EACE! the welcome sound proclaim;  
Dwell with rapture on the theme.



Loud, still louder swell the strain:  
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

2 Breezes! whisp'ring soft and low,  
Gently murmur as ye flow,  
Now, when war and discord cease,  
Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows far and wide,  
Rolling in majestic pride!  
Loud, still louder swell the strain:  
Peace on earth! good-will to men!

4 Vocal songsters of the grove!  
Sweetly chant in notes of love,  
Now when war and discord cease,  
Praises to the God of peace.

5 Mortals, who these blessings feel!  
Christians, who before him kneel!  
Loud, still louder swell the strain:  
Peace on earth! good will to men!

444. (694.) L. M.

*Prayer for the President, Congress, Magistrates, &c.*

1 GREAT Lord of all, thy matchless power  
Archangels in the heavens adore;  
With them, our Sovereign, thee we own,  
And bow the knee before thy throne.

2 Let lovely peace with odor'd wing,  
On us her grateful blessings fling;  
Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,  
And plenty fill her ample horn.



- 3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,  
His days with heavenly wisdom crown:  
Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,  
To walk the way that duty shows.
- 4 Over our Capitol diffuse,  
From hills divine, thy welcome dews,  
While Congress, in one patriot band,  
Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- 5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,  
Nor let them bear the sword in vain;  
Long as they fill their awful seat,  
Be Vice seen dying at their feet.
- 6 Forever from the western sky,  
Bid the "destroying angel" fly!  
With grateful songs our hearts inspire,  
And round us raise a wall of fire.

445. (695.) L. M.

*Religious Toleration ought to be defended  
by Our Rulers.*

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind  
With iron chains the free-born mind,  
To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wand'ring by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven  
Dominion not to mortals given;  
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus! thy gentle law of love  
Does no such cruelties approve;  
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
No arms but what persuasion yields.



- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,  
It draws the willing soul along;  
And conquests to thy church acquires  
By eloquence which heaven inspires.
- 5 O happy, who are thus compell'd  
To the rich feast, by Jesus held!  
May we this blessing know, and prize  
The light which liberty supplies.

---

 6. COLLECTIONS.

446. (661.) L. M.

*Liberality.*

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines  
Around the majesty of heaven!  
- Rebels he deigns to call his sons,  
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine;—  
The grace that blazes like a sun;  
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,  
Through all your lives let mercy run!
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings  
Swift let the great salvation fly;  
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;  
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,  
And be her counsellor and stay;  
Adopt the fatherless, and smoothe  
To useful, happy life, his way.



- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,  
 Your bowels of compassion move;  
 Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—  
 Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds—  
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:  
 Thus will you glorify your God,  
 And thus the Christian name adorn.

447.

(663.)

L. M.

*Liberality.* Hag. ii. 8.

- 1 **T**HE gold and silver are the Lord's,  
 And ev'ry blessing earth affords;  
 All come from his propitious hand,  
 And must return at his command.
- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,  
 I must for Christ and souls employ;  
 For if I use them as my own,  
 My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,  
 He never does my suit deny;  
 And shall I then refuse to give,  
 Since I so much from him receive?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day  
 And clothe himself in humble clay?  
 Shall he become despis'd and poor,  
 And make me rich forever more?
- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold  
 To give my silver or my gold,  
 To aid a cause my soul approves,  
 And save the sinners Jesus loves.



- 6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,  
To give the whole I can afford;  
That what thy bounty render'd mine,  
I may with cheerful hands resign.

448. (664.) L. M.

*Imitation of Christ in doing Good.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day,  
But miracles of pow'r and grace  
Which spread salvation thro' our race?
- 2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue:  
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,  
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives;  
Who much receives, but nothing gives;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day  
In gen'rous acts his radiant way;  
Treads the same path the Savior trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

449. (665.) C. M.

*Relieving Christ in his Members, Matt. xxv. 40.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!  
Thy bounties how complete!  
How shall I count the matchless sum?  
How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine;



What can my poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace;  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Savior's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see;  
O let us rather beg our bread  
Than keep it back from thee.

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## X. DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

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### 1. DISMISSIONS.

450. (752.): P. M. 8s, 7s & 4ss.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace;  
Oh, refresh us!  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;



May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound:  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, where'er the signal's given,  
 Us from 'earth to call away;  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay;  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day!

451. (754.) L. M.

*The Peace of God shall keep, &c.*

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,  
 And by his word of grace imparts,  
 Which only the believer feels,  
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

- 2 And may the holy Three in One,  
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
 Pour an abundant blessing down  
 On every soul assembled here!

452. (756.) S. M

*Dismission.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,  
 Great God, attend our prayer;  
 And seal the gospel on the heart  
 Of ev'ry person here.
- 2 And if we meet no more,  
 On Zion's holy ground;  
 O may we reach that blissful shore,  
 Where all thy saints are bound.



453. (759.) L. M.

*The Christian Farewell.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God!  
Wide through all nature spreads abroad:  
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,  
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain;  
When sep'rate, we rejoice to share  
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,  
And still implore thy heavenly grace;  
Still cause thy face on us to shine,  
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,  
Again to pay our grateful vows;  
Or, if that joy no more be known,  
Give us to meet around thy throne.

---

 2. DOXOLOGIES.

454. (760.) L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.



455. (762.) - C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be everlasting honors paid,  
Henceforth, forevermore.

456. (764.) C. M.

**A**LL glory to th' Eternal Three,  
And undivided One;  
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Coequal honors done.

457. (766.) S. M.

**Y**E angels, round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

458. (765.) P. M. 8s, 7s & 4s.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Thou the God whom we adore;  
May we all thy love inherit,  
To thine image us restore;  
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Praises to thee evermore.







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REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

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# PRAYERS.

FOR THE USE OF

FAMILIES AND INDIVIDUALS.

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## PART I.

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# PRAYERS

### FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES.

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#### I.

#### PRAYER FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

ALMIGHTY God, the Father of our spirits, who art good to all thy creatures; unto thee would we lift up our souls, and magnify thy name together.

Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves; we are thy people, and the children of thy family. We will serve thee with gladness, and come into thy presence with thanksgiving.

Thine is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the majesty. Every conceivable perfection centres in thy character. The earth is full of thy goodness; in thee we live, and move, and have our being. Through the care of thy Providence we continue to this day. It is of thy mercies that we are not consumed; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness. We have slept in safety, and are risen in peace, for thou hast sustained us. We rejoice in thy Providence, and give thanks unto thee with our whole hearts.

While we praise thee, heavenly Father, for the light of the sun, we would bless thee, more especially, for the light of the gospel of Christ Jesus, the sun of righteousness. We bless thee, that we



are called to be his disciples and partakers of his resurrection and glory. We bless thee, that, notwithstanding our unworthiness, thou hast still continued unto us the means of true religion, and dost from time to time permit us to unite with our brethren in the public services of thy house. We bless thee for the return of this day of sacred rest, and we desire to spend it in the performance of those duties for which it is set apart. Help us, we beseech thee, to attend with earnestness to the things that concern our everlasting peace. Grant that all our sentiments, words, and actions may be holy and unblamable in thy sight. Direct us in our private meditations and in the study of thy word. Fill us with the spirit of devotion in the society of our fellow-worshippers, and open our minds to the truths which may be proposed to us from the sacred oracles of revelation. By attending upon the ordinances of religion this day, may we grow wiser and better, more pure and holy, more meek and humble, more resigned and thankful, and more heartily disposed to follow Christ, and to keep his commandments.

Merciful God, we beseech thee to communicate the happiness, which we enjoy as men and Christians, to all our brethren. Comfort those who are bowed down by want or sorrow. Let this be a day of improvement and holy pleasure to every congregation of those who profess the name of thy Son. Enlighten and cheer the minds, and prosper the labors of all the ministers of thy word.— Cause thy name to be known in all the earth, and let the whole world be filled with thy glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



## II.

## PRAYER FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

FATHER of mercies, by whose goodness we have been preserved, we come before thee to acknowledge the riches of thy grace. Thy name is excellent; thy works are marvelous; in thy favor there is life; and much peace have they who love thy laws. We thank thee for all the happiness of our lives, for the stores of nature, for the advantages of society, for the comforts of friendship, and for the satisfactions which flow from our domestic relations. We thank thee for every opportunity of improving our mental faculties, for the inestimable discoveries and hopes of thy gospel, and for the appointment of public worship.— We thank thee for the blessings bestowed upon us this sacred day. We are ashamed to reflect, with how little ardor we engage in thy work, and acknowledge before thee our manifold errors and sins. Thou pure and perfect Spirit, forgive of thine infinite compassion any distraction of mind or coldness of affection, which may have attended the discharge of our religious duties; and assist us to love thee more and to serve thee better in the time to come. Preserve us from being satisfied with the form of godliness. Whatever seeds of truth may have fallen into our hearts, grant that they may take deep root and be abundantly fruitful. By the lessons we have learnt, prepare us for resuming and prosecuting our worldly employments with a becoming frame of mind; and help us to pass through every future scene of life under the guidance of Christian principles.

Whilst thou shalt see fit to continue us in this world, it is our earnest desire and steadfast resolution to answer the ends for which thou hast made



us. In the presence of each other, and before thee the all-seeing witness and judge, we do at this time form the most serious purpose to guard against all vicious appetites and passions, to behave with fidelity, prudence, and kindness towards one another, to be diligent in the business of our several stations, to perform every social office with conscientious care, and to remember the account which we must render unto thee for our deportment here.

Strengthen us by thy Spirit, O God, in this resolution. Protect us this night against the dangers to which we may be exposed. And, when death shall be our lot, enable us to observe its approach with composure, and receive us into thy presence where there is fullness of joy, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

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#### PRAYER FOR MONDAY MORNING.

### III.

O THOU Creator, Governor, and supporter of men! thou dwellest in light, and art the father of lights. Grateful for the care which thou hast exercised over us during the night past, we would cheerfully submit ourselves to thy guidance through the day upon which we have entered. Keep us in thy faith and fear, and secure us from every evil of soul and body. Impress on our hearts a solemn sense of thy universal presence. Preserve us from any snares which may lie in our way, and especially from the sins which most easily beset us. Prepare us for new occurrences, whether prosperous or adverse, and quicken us in the discharge of every obligation. Let not con-



tinued peace and comfort make us forgetful of thee, or corrupt our minds.

Thou prolongest our lives, that we may attain more and more the true end of life. May this day witness some improvement in knowledge, piety, and virtue. May it witness our diligence in that occupation, to which thou callest us—We desire and purpose to keep our consciences void of offense: but the experience which we have had of our frailty makes us diffident of our strength. Our confidence is in thy power to confirm our faith and invigorate our obedience. We implore thine aid, that we may run in the way of thy commandments. Smile on our endeavors after righteousness and usefulness. Teach us to feel the whole value of our days on earth; and when they shall be finished, vouchsafe to receive us into the light and bliss of thy glorious presence, through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

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#### IV.

##### PRAYER FOR MONDAY EVENING.

O THOU infinitely great and adorable Majesty of heaven and earth! thou art ever present to all thy creatures. Thou knowest our down sitting and our up-rising; thou compasses our path and our lying down, and art acquainted with all our ways.

Preserver of men! at the close of another day, we would render unto thee our thanks for all the mercies, by which our lives have been supported and rendered happy. Thy sun has cheered us with its rays, thine air has fanned the spark of life within us, and by thy goodness we have been fed with food convenient for us. In grateful confi-



dence of thy mercies, we will now lay ourselves down in peace; assured, that, if it be thy will, we shall sleep in safety, and rise on another morning with renewed health and vigor. Forgive the transgressions of the past day and of all past time. Whatever has been irregular in our dispositions, whatever we have done which we ought not to have done, or omitted which we ought to have performed, be pleased mercifully to pardon; and grant that our circumspection in future may be increased.

Hitherto thou hast helped us, provided for our necessities, and crowned our lives with loving kindness. Truly our hope is in thee, and under the shadow of thy wings will we put our trust. We dedicate ourselves unto thee as our God and guide through life, our support and comfort in death, and after death our everlasting portion and felicity. Let thy goodness continue to follow us; and enable us to express our thankfulness by a growing holiness and resemblance of thee.

Holy Watchman of thy people, who dost never slumber nor sleep; thou King eternal, immortal and invisible! unto thee be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

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## V.

### PRAYER FOR TUESDAY MORNING.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, we thy needy creatures render thee our humble praise for thy preservation of us from the beginning of our lives to this day, and especially for having delivered us from the dangers of the past night. To thy watchful providence we owe it, that we have been kept in safety, and that no disturbance hath come nigh



our dwelling. For these thy mercies we bless and praise thee, beseeching thee to accept this morning sacrifice. And since it is of thy goodness, O gracious Father, that our existence is prolonged; we here devote both our bodies and souls to thy service, in a godly, righteous, and sober life. Strengthen us, we beseech thee, in this resolution; that, as we grow in age, we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Have compassion, we pray thee, on our infirmities; and give us the constant assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that we may be effectually restrained from sin and excited to our duty. Imprint upon our hearts such a dread of thy displeasure, such a remembrance of the great day of judgment, and such a grateful sense of thy goodness to us, as may make us both afraid and ashamed to offend thee. Keep us temperate in our enjoyments and diligent in our callings, just and upright in our dealings, peaceable, compassionate, and ready to do good to all men. Direct us in all our ways; prosper the work of our hands; defend us from calamities and sufferings; or, if thou shalt be pleased to visit us with them, enable us to bear them with patience, and to be contented with our condition.—These things, and whatever else is necessary and good for us, we implore, with humble reliance upon thine infinite clemency in Christ Jesus our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

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## VI.

## PRAYER FOR TUESDAY EVENING.

Most merciful God, who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and hast promised forgiveness to all those who confess and forsake their sins;



we come before thee sensible of our own unworthiness, and acknowledge our numerous transgressions of thy righteous laws. Look upon us, we beseech thee, with compassion; pardon, of thy free grace, all our errors and sins; give us proper views of the great evil of them; amend the tempers and dispositions of our souls; and cleanse us from all vicious thoughts, unlawful designs, and inordinate desires. May we never suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath, but always retire to our rest in peace, charity, and good-will, with a conscience void of offense towards thee and towards men.

Accept, O Lord, our intercessions for all mankind. Be gracious unto thy church; let the light of thy gospel shine upon all nations; bless all in authority over us; do good to our relations, friends, and neighbors; reward our benefactors; pardon those who have done or wish us evil, and give them better minds; be merciful to all who are in any trouble; and do thou, the God of pity, minister to their several necessities.

Receive our thanks, great God, for our being, our reason, our health, our friends, our food, our raiment, and all the other comforts and conveniences of life. Above all, we adore thy mercy in sending thine only Son to redeem us from sin and eternal death, and to give us the knowledge of our duty to thee. We bless thee for thy patience with us, notwithstanding our many and great provocations for all the directions, assistances, and comforts of the Holy Spirit; and for all thy benefits and favors. Continue them to us, we beseech thee; and give us grace to shew our thankfulness by sincere obedience to thy laws.

Defend us this night from all dangers and mis-



chiefs, and bestow on us such refreshing sleep as may fit us for the duties of the following day, if it shall please thee to prolong our lives. Make us ever mindful of the time when we shall lie down in the dust; and grant us grace always to live in such a manner, that we may never be afraid to die. Whether living or dying, may we be thine, through the mediation of thy Son Jesus Christ, in whose name we offer up these our imperfect prayers. Amen.

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## VII.

### PRAYER FOR WEDNESDAY MORNING.

LORD God Almighty, we will praise thee with our whole hearts, and shew forth thy goodness to the children of men.

Thou hast placed the sun and the moon in the heavens, to give light upon the earth, and to rule over the day and the night. All creatures wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou hast preserved us and provided for us in the helpless state of infancy, and guided us in the dangerous paths of youth. Thou hast supplied our daily wants, and brought us to the present moment in peace and safety. Through the darkness of the night, thine eye hath been upon us; and we appear before thee this morning, surrounded with the gifts of thy bounty.

Accept, O merciful Father, our unfeigned thanksgivings for these, and for all our spiritual blessings; and help us so to improve and apply them, that we may be happy in thy favor, both in this world and that which is to come.



May we be in thy fear all the day long, serve thee with pure affection, and enjoy the good things of life in innocence. In our domestic relations, may we be all of one mind, love as brethren, and live in peace; that thou, the God of peace and love, mayest be with us. May all our holy dispositions be established in our souls, and our lives be adorned with all good actions. May we rejoice habitually in thy government, and in the hope of thine approbation; and finally be received into thine everlasting kingdom, through thy grace in thy blessed Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ.—Amen.

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### VIII.

#### PRAYER FOR WEDNESDAY EVENING.

O most merciful and gracious God! we thy servants present ourselves before thee, this evening, to render thanks unto thee for all thy mercies, to confess our sins, to renew our good resolutions, and to commend ourselves to the care of thy Providence.

Blessed be thy name for all the powers, supports, and enjoyments of our nature; for all our opportunities of securing happiness; for our advantages as the disciples of thy Son, for his doctrines, precepts, example, sufferings, and resurrection. Great is thy goodness to us and to all the children of men; and we confess that we are not worthy of the mercies which we have received at thy hands. In many things, we have all offended. Thou knowest our follies, and our sins are not hidden from thee. We acknowledge them with sorrow and penitence; we desire to walk before thee in newness of life;



and we beseech thee, who despisest not a contrite heart, to pardon all our iniquities and to be merciful unto us.

Teach us, O God, to discern between good and evil; and enable us, in the midst of the temptations of the world, to hold fast our integrity and to persevere in well-doing. Grant, that neither hope nor fear may ever lead us to desire or to do what thou forbiddest. Help us to be harmless and undefiled, to aim continually at the mark of our high calling, and to fight the good fight of faith, that we may obtain the prize.

Our outward circumstances in life we leave entirely to the disposal of thy wisdom and goodness. We commit ourselves to thy care through the ensuing night and the remainder of our days, with a steadfast persuasion, that, if it be best for us, thou wilt defend us from evil. Whatever thou shalt appoint, help us to place our whole confidence in thee. Leave us not, neither forsake us, O thou God of our salvation. Bless our friends, and guide them by thine unerring Spirit. Have pity upon all to whom wearisome nights and restless days are appointed. And raise all men to that land of perfect felicity, where Jesus reigns forever and ever. Amen.

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## IX.

### PRAYER FOR THURSDAY MORNING

O God, the Giver of all good, who delightest in the happiness of thy creatures! we would raise our hearts to thee in the exercise of devout affections. Having daily united to partake of thy bounty, we would unite to give our thanks unto thee.



Thou hast been continually with us, rejoicing to do us good; and thy mercies are more than can be numbered. Thou hast upheld our souls in life, and been our refuge and strength, a very present hope in trouble. Thou hast continually fed and clothed us, and given us many things to enjoy. When we lie down to rest, thou art our defence; and when we awake, we are still with thee. Thou art leading us by the mediation of thy Son to a better world, and causing all things to work together for our good.

Father, we praise thee and rejoice in thy goodness; and we desire at all times to approve ourselves unto thee. Preserve us, we beseech thee, from every secret sin. Dispose and assist us to keep our hearts, and to watch over our tongues. Enable us faithfully to obey thee in every station, and fill our minds with religious veneration and gratitude. Grant, that we may heartily unite our endeavors to promote each other's happiness, bear with each other's infirmities, reprove each other in the spirit of meekness, put away all pride and envy, all discontent and fretfulness, all suspicion and jealousy, and travel together with increasing affection to the land of everlasting joy and love.

Encouraged by our past experience, we humbly commit our persons and concerns to thy direction, and confide in thy unbounded mercy, as revealed and pledged to us in Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

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## X.

### PRAYER FOR THURSDAY EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, who art the Rewarder of all them that diligently seek thee! receive in mercy the prayers and the praises of thy children.



We adore thee as the greatest and the best of beings, the source of all power, wisdom, goodness, and happiness. Without thee we can do nothing; and on thee we depend from day to day. Thine energy sustains, thy presence animates, thy gracious influence blesses the universe. Our times are in thy hands; our advantages and sorrows are dispensed by thy Providence. Thy mercy has given us a Redeemer, who is able to save unto the uttermost; and thine unmerited love adds to our days and satisfactions, that we may be drawn to devote our hearts to thy service.

We confess, O Lord, that we have disobeyed thy laws and been unmindful of thy goodness. We lament with sincere sorrow our errors and transgressions. We desire to forsake every evil way; and we humbly trust in thy grace for the forgiveness of our sins. Being justified by faith, may we have peace with thee, be saved from the dominion of vice, and be filled with the fruits of thy Spirit. May we be at all times sensible of the vanity of the world, of the deceitfulness of sin, and of its certain tendency to make us miserable. May we entertain just convictions of the worth of our own souls, and of the value and importance of the glory to which we are called. May we set our affections upon the things above, be armed against the allurements and terrors of this transitory state, and hold ourselves in constant readiness to depart hence and to stand before our Judge.

Keep us this night, Almighty Guardian, under thy watchful eye. If it be agreeable to thy will, let no evil befall us or ours. Have mercy upon those, for whose welfare we feel particularly solicitous. Comfort and sustain all who are in trouble and adversity. Order all things for us as seem-



eth right in thy sight; and do us good now and evermore according to thy promises declared unto us by Jesus Christ our Lord. And through him be glory unto thee forever and ever. Amen.

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## XI.

### PRAYER FOR FRIDAY MORNING.

ETERNAL and incomprehensible Jehovah, Father and Friend of the children of men! we would acknowledge thy perfections and feel our dependence on thee. Thou art from everlasting to everlasting, and with thee there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. Thou art the righteous Lord whose countenance beholdeth the upright. Thou acceptest not the persons of men, but wilt render unto the rich and the poor according to their works. Thou art good, and ever ready to forgive the penitent.

We thank thee, O Lord of heaven and earth, for all that thou hast done for us. Thou hast brought us into life, and continually watched over us. Thou hast again preserved us, and granted us the refreshment of quiet repose. Through thy goodness we appear before thee at this time, in health and ease, with the free use of our reason, and in the enjoyment of many blessings. What shall we render unto thee for all thy benefits?

We desire to show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; and to spend this day, and the remainder of our days, in a uniform obedience to thy holy commands.

Incline our hearts, we beseech thee, to thy precepts. Endue us with that simplicity and godly sincerity, which are well-pleasing unto thee.— Teach us to live by the faith of thy Son, who bath



loved us, and given himself for us. Preserve us from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, and clothe us with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Assist us to take heed unto our ways, to direct our affairs with discretion, to be temperate in all things, to walk within our house with perfect hearts, and to order our whole conversation and conduct according to thy will.

Through all the changes of our lives, grant, O God, that we may be without covetousness, receive thy gifts with thankful hearts, enjoy them with sobriety and benevolence, and endure afflictions with such patience that they may work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. And unto thee, the God of all consolation and grace in Christ Jesus, be endless honor and praise. Amen.

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## XII.

### PRAYER FOR FRIDAY EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, the Parent of all the families of the earth! we thy children unite to present unto thee the tribute justly due to thy name.

We thank thee, that thou hast created us in thine own image, made us capable of knowledge and wisdom, endowed us with social affections, and implanted in us a sense of good and evil. We praise thee for our continual support, and acknowledge that thou daily loadest us with benefits. Above all, we bless thee for thine inestimable love in sending thine only begotten Son, to instruct, to guide, to save us from sin and misery, and to elevate us to an inheritance which is incorruptible in heaven. We will bless thee, O Lord,



at all times; thy praise shall be continually in our mouths.

While we acknowledge before thee, O God, thine incessant bounty and eternal love; we confess with shame, that we have not been as careful to improve and make suitable returns for them, as it was our duty to be. Though thou hast nourished and brought us up as children, we have rebelled against thee. But we desire to become wiser and better; and we beseech thee, who art slow to anger, to pardon all our transgressions. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us, and grant us thy salvation.

Lead us by thy gracious hand in the path of our duty; and, in the time of temptation, let thy good Spirit be with us, to keep us from falling. May our minds be purified from all sinful affections, and be deeply impressed and regularly influenced by every religious truth. May we be steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Thou art the Protector of all that put their trust in thee. We pray thee to show compassion to such as are in pain, sickness, or distress. We commend ourselves, our friends, and all our concerns to thy holy keeping. Defend us by thy power, direct us by thy wisdom, provide for us by thy goodness; and, when our heart and our flesh shall fail, be thou, O God, the strength of our hearts and our portion forever. Amen.

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### XIII.

#### PRAYER FOR SATURDAY MORNING.

O God, who givest unto all creatures life, and breath, and all things! we thy servants would



reverence thine infinite perfections, and adore thee as the fountain of all virtue and felicity.

Thou art the same in power, wisdom, and goodness, throughout all generations. Thou upholdest every being by thy mighty word, and preservest the regular succession of day and night, of summer and winter, of seed-time and harvest. By thine appointment, the sun ariseth, and man goeth forth to his work. The earth is thine and the fullness thereof.

Blessed be thou, our merciful Father, for the protection afforded us, for the refreshment of sleep, for our measure of ease and health, for every present comfort, and for all our hopes of future good. 'Tis thy tender compassion alone we ascribe them, and are sensible of the vast obligation which they lay upon us to love and serve thee with every faculty of our bodies and souls.

Let the consciousness of the homage and fidelity we owe to thee accompany us wherever we go; that we may live in all good conscience; and that, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we may do all to thy glory. Teach us to be prudent in ordering our affairs, industrious in performing the business of our stations, moderate in our desires, and innocent in our enjoyments, careful in redeeming the time, resigned under chastisement, courteous and candid to all around us, equitable and compassionate to those with whom we shall have to deal, grateful to our friends and benefactors, and generous and forgiving to any that may injure or offend us. Let the same mind be in us, which was also in Christ Jesus. Enable us heartily to rejoice in his salvation, and cause all things to work together for our eternal welfare, through the riches of thy grace. Amen.



## XIV.

## PRAYER FOR SATURDAY EVENING.

GREAT and glorious God! the heavens are thy throne, and the earth is thy footstool. Thou art nigh unto all them that call upon thee in sincerity and truth. Thou art conducting thy children in the path of peace; and thou continually affordest them the supplies which they need.

We thank thee, that we have been preserved through another day and another week. We thank thee, that thine arm has been our support, thy shield our defence, thy Providence and Spirit our guardian and guide. We thank thee for our personal and family blessings, (for our deliverance from dangers and calamities,) and for every agreeable and happy circumstance of our condition. We thank thee, above all, that we are brought to the knowledge of thee and of Jesus Christ whom thou has sent; that we have the promises of thy mercy; and that, though this frail existence is fleeting away, we have the assured hope of immortal felicity. Thy compassions fail not, great God, though our days on earth are diminishing. Be thou exalted above the heavens! and be thy sacred name praised for ever and ever!

Merciful Father! blot out, we pray thee, the sins that have been committed by us in the week which is now drawing to a close, and in the whole course of our departed days. We lament, that we have often been led astray, and have been chargeable with many negligence and omissions. We confess them unto thee with an humble and contrite spirit; and beseech thee to cleanse our consciences from evil works, to lift on us the light



of thy countenance, and to give us the blessedness of those whose transgressions are covered.

Dispose us to realize fully that we are the monuments of thy sparing mercy; in order that our hearts may be consecrated to thee. Illuminate our minds with heavenly truth. Preserve us from all false judgments concerning the ends of living and the way to happiness. Secure us from the influence of vain customs and evil examples. Increase our faith; enliven our hope; enlarge our charity; inspire us with every pious virtuous and amiable disposition; and help us to become Christians, not in name only, but in deed.

Another step has been taken towards eternity; week after week, and month after month, are passing away; and we know that our times are in thy hand, and that there may be to us but a few more days in this world. Gracious God, suffer us not to forget the shortness and precariousness of life, or the solemnities of judgment and eternity. Prepare us to meet our last end with a serene and peaceful mind. Incline us so to pass through things temporal, that we may not forget the things which are eternal. Help us to love each other as beings, who have each other's immortal happiness at heart; and, after we shall have been separated from one another by death, be pleased to unite us in holy fellowship before the throne of God and the Lamb.

We commend our bodies and our souls to thy care; and beseech thee to do good unto all men. We offer up these our prayers in the name of Jesus, through whom we trust that we shall be pardoned and accepted now and evermore.—  
Amen.



## XV.

## GRACE BEFORE AND AFTER MEAT.

ALMIGHTY Father! the blessings, which we are about to receive, are thy gift. May they be enjoyed with a sense of thy love to us and all mankind. Amen.

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WE acknowledge, heavenly Father, that thou art the source of all our enjoyments. Help us to receive thy bounty with grateful, contented, and obedient hearts. Amen.

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THE eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. Amen.

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BLESSED be thy name, O thou author of all good, for this present refreshment and for all other mercies. May they strengthen us to the performance of every duty as disciples of thy Son.—Amen.

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AGAIN we experience, O God, that thou art good. May thy goodness be continued to us, and extended to all mankind. Amen.

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THOU hast afforded us another proof of thy benevolent care, O thou Parent of men! may it fill us with gratitude to thee, and dispose us to be kind to others, even as thou art kind unto to us.—Amen.



THOU, Lord art our Shepherd; we shall not want. May we never be wanting in our duty to thee; and may thy mercy follow us all the days of our lives. Amen.

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GOD of compassion! thou fillest our hearts with food and gladness. Make us duly thankful, we beseech thee; and be pleased to feed the hungry, and to provide for all the needy, now and evermore. Amen.

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DIVINE Benefactor! thou hast blessed our labors for the meat which perisheth. Help us to labor successfully for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. Amen.

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## XVI.

### PRAYER FOR A FAMILY AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

ETERNAL Jehovah! in thee we live and move and have our being. In thy hand is our breath; it is because thou hast sustained us, that we have continued to this day. With praise to thee, the God of our lives, we come into thy presence; with thanks to thee, the unfailing source of mercy! Thou didst bring us into this world, and place us on this stage of action. Thou didst uphold us in the helpless days of infancy, and preserve us from the innumerable evils to which we were then exposed. We tasted of thy bounty, before we were capable of perceiving the hand from which it came. With every returning year thy favors have been multiplied upon us. Thou



hast been with us and helped us in all our troubles. Often hast thou healed our diseases, removed our sorrows, and renewed our strength.—Thy candle has shined upon our tabernacle; thy corn has nourished us; thy smiles have gladdened our hearts. Whilst many have been cut off and have passed into an awful eternity, we are yet numbered with the living. Whilst thousands have fallen at our right hand and our left, we continue to stand witnesses that thou art good to the evil and unthankful. Through the riches of thy forbearance and long-suffering, thou art continuing us in a state of trial, giving unto us space for repentance, and favoring us with thy holy gospel and with all necessary means of grace and reformation.

God of compassion, take not thy Spirit from us. Continue to us thy heavenly blessings. Prepare us for future changes in our condition, and let them be sanctified to our truest interest and happiness. We commit ourselves to thy care; we devote ourselves to thy service; we refer all events concerning us to thine infinite wisdom and fatherly goodness. Lead us seasonably to consider the things which belong to our peace.—Give us realizing views of death and judgment to come. Enable us to depart from the world, when thou shalt call us away, with tranquility and comfort of mind, exempt from the terrors of guilt; and bring us to the enjoyment of thy favor in the realms of glory, through the mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.



## XVII.

## • PRAYER FOR A FAMILY AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

ALMIGHTY God, God of the spirits of all flesh, Preserver and Ruler of the children of men! hear in mercy thy servants, who raise their hearts unto thee. We acknowledge, that, in seasons past, we have often been too earnest about the things of sense and time, too regardless of the objects of faith and futurity. We confess that we have too often walked in a vain show, and disquieted ourselves in vain. We cannot attempt to deny, that we have been frequently undutiful and unthankful. Wouldst thou judge us without mercy, we should be utterly without hope. Wouldst thou deal with us according to our sins, we should be miserable indeed. But we rejoice that thou desirest not the ruin of thy creatures, but rather that they should repent and live. It is our desire to cast off all the unfruitful works of darkness, and to walk as children of the light and of the day. It is our purpose, that this year shall witness our greater reformation from every thing that is amiss in us, and our increasing improvement in the graces of the Christian character.

If it be consistent with the purposes of thine inscrutable wisdom, we pray that our lives may be spared; not merely that we may enjoy an animal existence, but that we may be furnished with an opportunity of doing good and becoming better. We commit our concerns to thee; and would submit to those circumstances, which thou, who alone knowest what is best for us, shalt ordain. If thou wilt, we desire the continuance of health and comfort. If thou shouldst send sickness or adversity to us, may we be prepared for these and all other



changes of our situation. If it be thy decree, that this year any of us shall die; may we be ready for our departure. We dare not say that we will do this or that: but we would cherish one resolution, to become and always to be such persons as thou shalt be pleased to approve.

Heavenly Father! do thou preserve us from every injurious delay. Let not the night of darkness, in which no man can work, overtake us unawares. Forbid, that we should ever presume on life, or boast of to-morrow, or be immoderately attached to earthly things. May we always do with diligence what thou appointest us to perform. If death shall approach us by slow advances, may it find us well employed; and if we are suddenly called to exchange worlds, may it not be our lot to have treasured up fear and remorse. Hear us, we beseech thee, in these our supplications, which we offer up in the name of our great Mediator.— And unto thee, the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, be honor and glory, for ever and ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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## XVIII.

### PRAYER FOR A FAMILY IN BEHALF OF A SICK PERSON.

O God who has taught us, at all times and in every condition, to make our requests known unto thee! We would adore thee as the arbiter of life, and the disposer of sickness and of death.— We offer up our humble supplications in behalf of thy servant, who is laboring under pain and disease. Look down upon *him* (*her*) with mercy; let the consideration of thy goodness and wisdom strengthen and comfort *his* soul; and let the pre-



cious doctrines and example of thy Son enable *him* to suffer with patience. We pray with submission to thy Providence, that thou wouldst be pleased to remove *his* disorder, and restore *him* to health. Graciously prolong *his* days upon earth; and grant, that *his* affliction may produce in *him* the fruits of righteousness, to the honor of thy name. By the sadness of *his* countenance, may *his* heart be made better; and may *he* long live to manifest *his* thankfulness to thee, and to do good in *his* generation.

But, if this affliction should be unto death, may thy servant be prepared to give *himself* up into thy hands, with Christian fortitude, in joyful expectation of thy mercy unto eternal life. Give *him* unfeigned repentance for all *his* sins, and a firm reliance on thy gracious promises in Christ Jesus our Lord. May the hope of thy favor support *him* in his last hour; may *he* leave the world in peace of mind, and in charity with all men; and may *he* be received into thy heavenly kingdom, and be made a partaker of that happiness, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

© God, teach us to be wise; console our hearts; and command thy blessing upon thy servant, even life evermore, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

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## XIX.

### PRAYER FOR A FAMILY IN BEHALF OF A SICK CHILD.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, thou art the fountain of all good, the refuge of the distressed,



the friend and comforter of those who look up to thy throne for help. We would offer up our prayers unto thee in behalf of the child, on whom thou hast seen fit to lay thine afflicting hand.— We beseech thee if it be consistent with thy wise and holy will, to bless the means employed for *his* recovery, and to raise *him* up to health and strength. Suffer not the wishes of *his* parents to be disappointed; but in thy great mercy spare *him* to be the comfort and support of their advancing years, and to glorify thy name by obeying thee and becoming useful in the world. But, whatever thou hast determined concerning *him*, thy will, O God be done! Preserve us from fainting under thy chastisements; and if thou takest *him* away from the world, vouchsafe to receive his soul into that blessed land, where sorrow and death are unknown. Into thy hands we commit *him*, ourselves, and all whom we love; and we pray, that, by all the dispensations of thy Providence, we may be trained up for that state, where thou wilt wipe away all tears from the eyes of mourners, and where pious friends and relations shall rejoice with each other for ever and ever, through thine unspeakable love in Christ Jesus our Lord.— Amen.

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## XX.

THANKSGIVING OF A FAMILY, FOR THE  
RECOVERY OF A MEMBER OF THE SAME.  
FROM DANGEROUS SICKNESS.

Most merciful and gracious God, the Creator and Preserver of the universe! we would raise our hearts with grateful sentiments unto thee, from whom alone cometh our help. We acknowledge, that thou rulest over all; that of thee, and



through thee, and to thee are all things. Thou speakest, and it is done; thou commandest, and it stands fast. The skill of the physician, and the power of medicine are derived from thee. It is thou, who healest all our diseases, who redeemest our lives from destruction, and renewest our strength; and to thy name alone be all the glory and honor. We render unto thee our united and hearty thanks for thy great goodness, manifested to thy servant, whom thou hast been pleased to raise from the bed of sickness, and to restore to a capacity of performing the duties and enjoying the comforts of life. To thy kind Providence we ascribe it, that this affliction hath not been unto death, and that the voice of health and rejoicing is again heard in our habitation. We praise thee O Lord, for thou hast dealt bountifully with us.— May thy servant, whom thou hast rescued from the devouring grave, manifest *his* (*her*) sense of thy loving kindness, by devoting the remainder of *his* days to thee, as a true disciple of *his* Master and Redeemer, in a constant obedience to thy holy commandments. May the remembrance of what thou hast done for *his* soul confirm and establish *his* good resolutions, and inspire *him* with a lively confidence in thy protection and care. May this instance of thy mercy to our family engage us all to love thee with our whole hearts, and to rejoice in thy Providence. While we have health and life, may we never abuse or trifle with them, but be careful to improve them well, and promote each other's happiness to the utmost of our ability.

It is better to trust in thee, O Lord. than to put confidence in man. Thou art our refuge and our God, and we will praise thee. We will give thanks unto thee; for thou art good, and thy mercy endureth forever. Amen.



## XXI.

## A PRAYER ON THE DEATH OF ANY PERSON IN A FAMILY.

ETERNAL God, without whose direction and Providence nothing can happen to us in life or death! out of the depths of affliction and sorrow we lift up our souls unto thee; for in thee alone are our help and hope.

Our existence is in thy hands, and all our enjoyments are at thy disposal. Thou didst at first call us into being by thy mighty power; and, when thou takest away our breath, we die and return to the dust.

In the midst of life, we are in death. To whom may we seek for succor, but unto thee, O Lord, who changest not, and who hast been the refuge of thy children in all generations? The Lord liveth; let our hearts rejoice; and let the God of our salvation be forever exalted. Under all the troubles of this life, thy mercy is our confidence and support. Even as a father pitieth his children, so thou hast compassion upon the sons of men. Infinite wisdom and love direct all thy dispensations. Behold thy servants, O Lord; do with us whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight. The Lord gave; and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord. Blessed be thy name, especially, that, according to thine abundant mercy, thou hast begotten us again, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, thy Son, to the lively hope of an inheritance that is undefiled, and fadeth not away.

Teach us, O most gracious God, by the instances of mortality which are before our eyes, and particularly by the present mournful event, to see how short and uncertain our abode on earth is



and so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and seek the things which are above. May we spend the remainder of our time in this world in the faithful discharge of every Christian duty; and study to live in such a manner, as we shall wish to have done, when we come to die. Give us grace to follow the good examples of those, who have departed hence in thy faith and fear; that we may with them be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom. Grant, that we may labor with increasing zeal to become the true disciples of our blessed Savior; and, after believing in him and obeying him here below, be united with him at thy right hand, and, with all whom we love, and with the virtuous and pious of all nations and tongues, praise thee through endless ages. Amen.

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## XXII.

### A PRAYER FOR PARENTS ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

O THOU, who hast appointed unto all men once to die, and who alone knowest what is really good for us! we fly to thee, beseeching thee to sanctify unto us the bereavement, which fills our hearts with grief. Thou hast united us to the objects of our innocent affection by the tenderest ties; and we bless thee, that thou wast pleased to give us our departed child, and to bestow on us the satisfactions and joys which parents feel. Thou hast, with the arrow of death taken away from us this beloved being; and we would bow with resignation to thy sovereign appointment. We commit its body to the grave, and its soul to thine infinite mercy. We rejoice and thank thee, that our



Lord Jesus Christ has declared: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid it not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Compassionate Father! console our sorrows, we pray thee; and prevent us from despising thy chastenings, or fainting when rebuked of thee.—Teach us more perfectly to do and suffer thy will, and to draw instruction from the adversities which we experience. Affect us with just convictions of the vanity of human life, and the uncertainty of earthly comforts. Dispose us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, and to give the most serious attention to the religious instruction and improvement of those whom thou hast preserved to us. Instead of attempting fully to explain the unsearchable mysteries of thy government, may our hearts rest assured, that all things shall work together for good to them that love thee; and may we steadily look forward to the resurrection of the just, and the re-union of those who die in the Lord, through our exalted Savior and Redeemer. Amen.



## PART II.

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# PRAYERS

FOR THE USE OF INDIVIDUALS.

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### I.

#### PRAYERS FOR THE MORNING.

O LORD, my heavenly Father, who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this day: defend me through the same by thy mighty power, and grant that I may neither fall into sin, nor run into any kind of danger. May all my words and doings be ordered agreeably to thy holy will; and my heart be pure and acceptable in thy sight.— May it please thee to give such success, as thou seest to be best for me, to my labors and pursuits; to bless my friends; to do good unto all men; and to raise them and me to thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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ALMIGHTY God, the gracious Preserver of the children of men! accept the thanks of thy servant for the continual protection of thy providence. When I retire to rest, thou coverest me with the shades of evening; and, when I arise, thou visitest me with the day-spring from on high. Thy blessing is ever upon me, and day and night thy loving-kindness follows me. Enable me to be duly and habitually sensible of what I owe to thee,



and to rely upon thy care. I devote myself to thy service, and rejoice that my times are in thy hand. Help me, while I live, to live to thee; that, when I die, I may die to thee, and feel happy in the assurance of thy mercy and the hope of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Savior.—  
Amen.

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O God, by whose gracious Providence I have been preserved through the past night, and am risen this morning with the free use of my rational faculties, and in the enjoyment of the blessings of life: I look up to thee as my highest benefactor and friend, and thank thee for the goodness which I have experienced, when unconscious of my being, and incapable of guarding against danger and death. I humbly commit myself to thy protection this day, beseeching thee to defend me from evil, and to give me those blessings which I need.— Above all, be pleased, merciful Father, to pardon my errors; and assist me to shun temptation, to watch over my passions, to govern my tongue, to keep myself innocent and undefiled, and cheerfully to do that which is pleasing unto thee. Hear my prayer, and accept of me according to the covenant of thy love, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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God of my life, another night has passed away; and I arise from death-like insensibility to new existence. Whether I sleep or am awake, I am encircled by thy mighty arms, and share thy love. Thou hast preserved my breath; thou inspirest me with new vigor; and thou callest me to new enjoyments. To thee my spirit ascends on the wings of devotion and gratitude, and consecrates



all its powers and faculties. What may I not hope for from thee, who continually watchest over me, and who hast not even spared thy well-beloved Son, but hast given him up freely for the children of men?

Animated by this confidence, I desire to go on my way rejoicing, to accomplish with cheerfulness whatever thou callest me to do, and to bear with patience whatever thou appointest me to suffer. This day, too, Father, thou wilt in mercy direct and help thy feeble child, proportion my strength to my duties and trials, and lead me in that path which thou knowest to be good for me. Let this persuasion support my soul, and enable me to entertain an habitual regard to thee. I am thine, by the strongest ties; and thine may I remain in life and in death, through Jesus Christ, thy Son, my Savior. Amen.

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## II.

### PRAYERS FOR THE EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, thou hast bestowed upon me innumerable benefits, and hast added to all thy former mercies the safety and happiness which I have this day enjoyed. Forgive, I beseech thee, whatever may have been wrong in my feelings, conversation, or deportment; and fill me with an ardent solicitude to serve thee faithfully in the time that may yet remain. I commit myself and all my friends to thy gracious protection this night, reposing the confidence of my soul on thy Providence. After having renewed my strength by a peaceful repose, may I return to the duties of life with a steadfast resolution to do all thy will with diligence; that, when my days on earth shall be



numbered, I may be received into thine eternal rest and joy, through thy blessed Son Jesus Christ, Amen.

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ALMIGHTY God, my heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift: I raise my soul to thee, entreating thee to keep me continually under thy care. If it seem good in thy sight, grant me the blessing of quiet sleep; that I may arise in the morning in health, to labor in thy service and live in thy fear. Let it please thee to lift up the light of thy countenance upon me, and to give me peace both now and evermore. Amen.

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Ô God, my great Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor! I approach thee with the grateful acknowledgements of my heart for the mercies, by which I have been cheered and blessed this day. Whatever share of happiness I possess, whatever measure of prosperity I enjoy; to thee belongs the praise, and to thine unmerited favor alone I ascribe it. With whatever neglect, imperfection, and transgression of duty, I am chargeable; I take the shame of them to myself, and sincerely repent of them. Forgive me, I beseech thee, Parent of mercies, upon the gracious terms of thy gospel; and implant a right spirit within me. Vouchsafe to take me, and all in whom I am concerned, into thy care and protection through this night; and lead us, and the whole human family, in the paths of thy good Providence, to everlasting life and happiness, through thine infinite love in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen,



GOD of compassion! with what velocity all my days speed their flight and vanish away! how few are the traces which they leave behind! what is my existence on earth, but a dream, from which I shall awake, with joy or terror, to a new and never-ending life!

I will lay me down, and sleep in peace; for thou, O Lord, makest me to dwell in safety. Thou continually upholdest, and showerest down blessings upon me, and comfortest my soul in sorrow. All the successive periods of my pilgrimage are distinguished by the proofs of thy benevolence and mercy. O that they may also be distinguished by numerous proofs of my gratitude and obedience to thee! O that I may sleep in Jesus, when my last hour shall arrive, with the same composure with which I lie down upon my bed; with a mind, free from the stings and reproaches of guilt, conscious of inward sincerity and rectitude, firmly relying upon the promises sealed with my Saviour's blood, trusting through him in thy forbearance and paternal love, and rejoicing in the prospect of that blissful immortality which he brought to light!

My heavenly Father establish thou this wish in my soul; make it the chief principle and motive of all I think, and say, and do; help me to revive and strengthen it every morning and evening. Make me perfect in every good work; and to thy name be all the glory, for ever and ever.—Amen.

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### III.

#### A PRAYER FOR A YOUNG PERSON.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, who hast called me into being, that I might enjoy thy boun-



ty here, and be prepared for everlasting happiness hereafter! I look up to thee, the source of every blessing, beseeching thee to guide, to support and strengthen me. Surrounded with dangers, to whom should I apply for succor but to thee, who hast promised, that those who seek thee early and diligently shall find thee? O help me habitually to remember thee, my Creator, Benefactor, Redeemer, and Judge. Impress on my mind that reverence of thee, which is the beginning of wisdom. Dispose me to value, as I ought, the religion of thy blessed Son, and to make his doctrine and example my only directory and rule. Preserve me from all corrupt communications, from those youthful lusts which war against the soul, from all unchastity in thought, word, and action. Preserve my tongue from uttering falsehood, deceit, or impiety, and my hands from committing injustice. Give me a cautious, sober, and devout mind, that I may tremble at the hazard of ever standing in the way of sinners, or walking after the counsel of the ungodly, or following evil companions. Enable me to respect the lessons of age and experience; clothe me with the ornament of an humble, meek, and contented spirit; and grant that I may carefully avoid every thing, which I would blush to reveal to my fellow men, and which would fill me with confusion and fear when I think of thee. Forbid, great God that I should misapply or trifle with any portion of that precious time, for the use of which I am accountable at thy bar. Give me grace to find my highest delight in studying and obeying thy word, in approving myself to thee, in discharging my duty to those with whom I am connected, in laboring to become useful in.



my day and generation, and in forming those habits which will qualify me for the felicity of heaven.

I pray for these and for all other blessings in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, through whom I humbly hope to be pardoned and accepted now and evermore. Amen.

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#### IV.

##### A PRAYER FOR AN AGED PERSON.

○ THOU great Author and Supporter of life, who hast been the refuge of thy children in every age! to thee I raise my heart with thanksgiving and supplication. Thou hast maintained my frail existence through many years, and crowned its successive periods with thy mercies. Where should I begin, or where should I cease, would I enumerate the favors which thy hand has bestowed upon me? With what incessant kindness hast thou supplied the wants both of my body and of my soul, opened to me many sources of satisfaction, shielded me from dangers and calamities, consoled and sustained me under trials and distresses, and conducted my feet into the path of peace! What gratitude do I owe to thee, especially, for the light and assistance of thy holy gospel, for its precious promises and animating hopes, and for the many opportunities and means of improvement which I have enjoyed! Hitherto thou hast led and helped me; and my only trust is in thy sure and never-failing mercy.

Heavenly Father! I confess to thee my many errors and transgressions, with sorrow and repentance. Of thine infinite goodness forgive whatever I have thought, or said, or done amiss in the



whole course of my pilgrimage. Let my hoary head be found in the way of righteousness.— Whatever I may have neglected, whatever remains to be done, assist me to perform immediately and to the best of my ability. If I have injured any, enable me to discover it, that I may make due reparation before I go hence. Sanctify my mind, correct my passions, preserve me from every sin to which I am exposed. Save me from a selfish, censorious, severe, impatient, and dissatisfied temper. Teach me to be thankful to those who contribute to my ease and comfort, to rejoice in the happiness of all around me, and with a friendly spirit to instruct and admonish the rising generation. Help me, especially, to render the religion of thy Son, my Lord, amiable and venerable in the estimation of the young, and of all around me, by setting them an example of cheerful piety, and by entertaining a holy confidence in thy Providence and grace.

God of compassion! my strength is now often labor and sorrow, and I shall soon go down to the grave. Forsake me not, I beseech thee; cast me not off in the time of mine old age. Let my affections be fixed upon the things which are above; let the prospect of heaven support me in every hour of suffering: and, when my heart and my flesh fail, be thou the strength of my heart and my portion forever. Amen.

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## V.

### A PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

O LORD! thou art my Father and my God: early will I seek, praise, and love thee. I bless thee for all thy goodness to me, and in particular



for those tender ties which bind me to my parents. I thank thee for all their care and kindness: and rejoice to behold, in their unabating solicitude for my welfare, the image of thy love. Enable me, I beseech thee, to render unto them due honor and obedience, affection and gratitude. Assist me to submit with pleasure to their friendly guidance, to be patient under reproof, to abhor falsehood, to discharge all my obligations with a dutiful heart, and never to cause them tears and grief by any perverseness. Be pleased, O God, to prolong their health and life, to uphold them by thy gracious Providence, to make them happy in me and in all who belong to their family. Let thy goodness follow them continually here, and reward them with eternal happiness beyond the grave.

Blessed guide of my youth! to thee I am indebted for all the favors which I enjoy. Assist me to become thy child, to follow after thy friendship as the greatest of all blessings, and to dread displeasing thee as the greatest of all calamities. Help me, as I grow in stature, to grow in wisdom and goodness, in favor with thee and with my fellow-men, like thy beloved Son Jesus Christ. I desire to understand, and to rejoice in the gospel, to be his disciple, and to walk as he walked; and I pray, that, after this short life on earth, I may be exalted with him forever and ever. Amen.

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## VI.

### A PRAYER FOR A HUSBAND OR WIFE.

Most merciful and gracious God! I look up unto thee who rulest over heaven and earth, and desire to adore thee as my Guardian and Guide. It is thou who ~~sitest~~ <sup>dwellest</sup> the solitary in families; do-



mestic life is thine institution; and thou hast pronounced marriage to be honorable in all. Called to this state by thy Providence, I beseech thee to make me sensible of its duties, and to dispose me to fulfill them with a perfect heart and a willing mind. Let me ever act upon the conviction, that the covenant, into which I have entered with the chosen companion of my life, has been made in thy sacred presence, and that my vows of fidelity and affection have been witnessed by thee, the righteous Judge. Enable me to live as a Christian in this relation, and to put away from me whatever would interrupt the pleasure and improvement which it is adapted to yield. Give me grace to correct what is wrong in my dispositions, to govern my passions, to be a severe censor of myself, but never to exact or expect too much from the friend and partner of my days. Assist me to become a blessing to *him* (*her*), a sharer of *his* joys, a consoler of *his* sorrows, and a helper to *him* in all the changes of the world. Grant that we may live together in love and peace, exercising forbearance with each other's infirmities, serving and rejoicing in thee, and carrying our regard for each other beyond this fleeting and perishable world. Grant, that in our dwelling, as in the tabernacle of the righteous, the voice of salvation may be heard; that we may keep a strict watch over ourselves and all who depend upon us; that we may suffer no vice to go unreprieved, or to remain in our house persisted in and unamended; and that all of us may cultivate a cheerful and obliging temper, and discharge our respective duties in quietness and contentment. By living together in virtue and holiness here, may we be fitted for perfect felicity in heaven; and be



united together, at last, in indissoluble friendship, through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Savior and Lord. Amen.

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## VII.

### PRAYER FOR A PARENT.

ALMIGHTY God, Creator of men! from thee cometh every good and perfect gift. Thou hast given me children, and inspired my heart with ardent affection for them. Thou hast committed them to my care, and commanded me to educate them as Christians, as intelligent and immortal beings. O make me fully sensible, I entreat thee, of the solemnity and importance of this charge; and give me thy gracious assistance, that I may train up my offspring in the way in which they ought to go. Enable me to entertain abiding convictions of the value of good instruction and the necessity of early religious impressions. Enlighten and direct me in the choice of proper means for cultivating pious and virtuous principles in their tender minds. Make me constant and faithful in sowing in their hearts the incorruptible seed of divine truth, that they may love religion early, and partake of thy divine nature. Increase my solicitude to set before them the pattern of a holy and good life; and never suffer me to forget, that what I say and do cannot fail to influence the formation of their temper and character. Preserve me from the extremes of impatience and undue severity, and of excessive indulgence and misguided fondness. Direct me to the most rational and salutary expressions of my love to them; and help me to adapt my conduct to their several dispositions. And while I study to



bring them forward on the stage of action with those advantages which are suitable to their condition, let me always remember, that the care of the soul is the one thing needful, and let it be my highest concern to prepare them for eternity and heaven.

Gracious God! save me, I pray thee, from the most grievous calamity which a parent can feel, that of beholding children vicious and miserable. Protect and bless those, for whom my heart beats with the tenderest anxiety; and let them never be led astray by wicked customs and examples. Whatever thou mayest deny me, O grant that I may see them walking in the truth, adorned with innocence, virtue and piety. Vouchsafe to forgive any errors in my conduct towards them, and to supply all my deficiencies. When I shall be removed hence let me die with the consciousness that I have not wilfully neglected my duty to them. And in the great day of the resurrection and judgment, grant that we may be found together before thy throne, and that I may be enabled to say: Here am I, O God, and the children which thou hast given me. I ask for these mercies in the name of Jesus Christ my Lord and Master. Amen.

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## VIII.

### A PRAYER FOR A PERSON IN PROSPERITY.

BOUNTIFUL Benefactor! all that man possesses or enjoys proceeds from thy munificence. To thy sovereign goodness I am indebted for all the advantages of my condition. Thou hast furnished me with many temporal blessings, and with the means of increasing my own happiness and



the happiness of others. Preserve thy servant, I beseech thee, from being high minded and trusting in uncertain riches. Preserve me from the inordinate love of the good things which thou hast bestowed upon me, from every unlawful or intemperate pleasure, from all contempt of my fellow-men. Preserve me from the blindness and infatuation of such as take this world for their portion; and let me not be numbered among those fools, whose table is a snare to them and whose prosperity destroys them. Fill my heart with love and gratitude to thee, my Father, whose Providence has raised me to my present state; and give me a deep and lively sense of the account which I must render at thy bar. Teach me to honor thee with my substance; to employ it in a rational and useful manner; and as a good steward, to minister thy gifts to others. Direct me in the most effectual way to relieve the poor, the sick and the wretched; to vindicate the cause of innocence; and to advance the interests of truth, virtue, religion, and public order. In my communications to the necessities of my fellow-men, preserve me from the weakness and guilt of pride and ostentation; and let me always remember, that thou lovest a cheerful giver. If it shall please thee, O Lord, either to increase or take away any of thy gifts, let it be my chief joy to serve thee, and my constant prayer that thou wilt lift up the light of thy countenance upon me. If in thy Providence I am to be deprived of any temporal advantages, prepare me to meet the change with resignation. May I receive every allotment, whether prosperous or adverse, with Christian composure and fortitude; and, when thou shalt call me from this state of change and



trial, may I be permitted to participate in that inheritance which is promised to thy saints.

My soul relies entirely upon thy mercy in Jesus Christ, who became poor that we might be made rich. Through him be glory unto thee forever and ever. Amen.

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## IX.

### A PRAYER FOR A PERSON SUFFERING POVERTY OR GREAT LOSSES.

GREAT and adorable God! thou rulest over the armies of heaven, and thou distributest thy blessings among men, as it seemeth good in thy sight. Thou makest poor, and makest rich; thou bringest low, and liftest up. Thou hast seen fit in thine infinite wisdom, to visit me with adversity, and to exercise me in an humble state. But thy good Providence has preserved me hitherto, has saved me from overwhelming want, has given me many of the blessings of this life, and has set before me the sweet hope of a better world. I would be grateful for what I enjoy; and I desire to acquiesce in thy dispensations, and not to indulge discontent on account of those things which thou withholdest or takest away.

Direct me, I beseech thee, in the use of honest means to repair my losses, and to obtain a more comfortable subsistence: but, whether I obtain it or not, thy will be done. Thou alone knowest, if greater plenty would prove a blessing, or a snare to me and mine. Make me perfect in my submission, O Lord; cleanse my heart from sinful affections; and grant that I may be rich in faith, and an heir of thy promises. Reward, I pray thee, those benefactors who have been instruments in



thy hand for doing me good. In every trouble let me experience, that thou art nigh unto them that put their trust in thee. Whilst I continue in straitened circumstances, preserve me from unlawful methods of supplying my necessities, from taking thy name in vain, and from asking with anxious distrustful thoughts, what shall I eat, or what shall I drink, or wherewith shall I be clothed?—May I never feel envy at the sight of the great; and rather choose to endure every bodily hardship, than to suffer the evil of spiritual poverty. May the example of Jesus, who was despised of men, who suffered hunger and thirst, and who had not where to lay his head, reconcile me to my condition. May it be enough for me, that I can please thee and hold fast my integrity. Whatever be my lot here, may I be enabled to lay up treasures in heaven, and finally be received into it, through the mediation of that Savior, who was made perfect through sufferings, and is now set down at thy right hand. Amen.

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## X.

### A PRAYER FOR A WIDOW.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, I fly to thee for that consolation which I need, and humble myself under thy mighty hand. Thou givest, and thou takest away; and without thy permission not a hair of our heads can fall to the ground. Thou hast been pleased to remove from me the husband of my affectionate choice, my support and comfort under the labors and anxieties of this mortal life. God of compassion, leave me not a victim to sorrow; and, though thou hast not forbidden me to mourn, let me not mourn like those who are with-



out Christian hope. I desire to cast all my cares upon thy good Providence; assured that I can never be destitute, whilst thou art my helper, or miserable, whilst I have thee for my portion.— Whatever outward blessings thou mayest be pleased to deny me, may I never be deprived of the comfort of thy love. Vouchsafe, I pray thee, to raise up friends to assist me in my exigencies, and to counsel me to manage my affairs with discretion. Taught by painful experience, let me never forget what instability attends all earthly enjoyments. Give me grace to behave with propriety and suitability to my condition; that I may be enabled at all times to look with comfort to thee as my friend, my father, my life, my deliverer. (To thy tender mercy I commend the beloved children whom thou hast given me.) To thy direction I would entirely submit; into thy hands I resign all my interests in time and eternity; and my soul would triumph in the exalted and assured hope of being eternally happy with all the objects of my affection, through thy grace in Jesus Christ my Lord and Savior. Amen.

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## XI.

### A PRAYER FOR A SERVANT.

O God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth! it is the ordination of thy good Providence, that there should be various stations and conditions in the world. It is thou, who appointest unto each the circumstances in which he is placed; and I rejoice, that with thee there is no respect of persons, and that, whether men be high or low in society, all are thy children, all are furnished with the means of pleasing thee and be-



coming happy. I would cheerfully submit to thine unerring direction; and desire, with a contented and thankful heart, to accept of the portion which thou givest me. Establish me, I beseech thee, in the persuasion, that my present situation is good for me; and give me grace to reflect, that every state of life has its peculiar advantages and trials. Help me to cherish a meek and humble temper, and to imitate my blessed Master, who took upon him the form of a servant and condescended to the meanest offices, that he might set his disciples an example. Help me to discharge the obligations incumbent upon me, with faithfulness and zeal, from a principle of obedience to thee, my Judge, knowing that thou seest my inmost thoughts, and that whatsoever good thing any one doeth, the same shall he receive at thy hands. Assist me to adorn my Christian vocation by a careful, diligent, respectful, and peaceable behavior, by the strictest sobriety and honesty, and by a solicitude not to waste the goods of those with whom I live, nor to mis-spend that time which I am bound to devote to their service.— Make me duly grateful for every benefit which I receive; and let me patiently suffer the inconveniences which attend my lot. If it should please thee, O thou supreme Disposer of events, to make my outward condition more prosperous; let me improve it well. But, whatever thou shalt order, let me be solicitous, above all things, to obtain the forgiveness of my sins, and to seek thy kingdom above; that I may be exalted to it after death, through thy great mercy, in Jesus Christ my Redeemer. Amen.



## XII.

## A PRAYER BEFORE A JOURNEY.

ALMIGHTY God, I raise my heart to thee as the Father and Preserver of men, and rejoice that I cannot go where thou art not present as the Ruler of nature, as the Guardian of the righteous, as the Hearer of prayer. Thine eye is continually upon me, and thy good Spirit conducts thy children through every stage of their pilgrimage. I commend myself, O Lord, to the care of thy Providence, in the journey upon which I am entering; humbly beseeching thee to defend me from evil, to preserve me from all temptations to sin, and to prosper me in my lawful designs. To thy holy keeping I commit (my family and) my friends; and I pray, that, if it be thy will, they may be blessed in body and in soul, that I may return to them in due season in safety, that I may have a fresh occasion to praise thy name, and that we may long live together, to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, and to manifest our thankfulness for all our mercies. Hear my petitions, O thou God of compassion; and let me rejoice in thy grace and favor through Jesus Christ forever and ever. Amen.

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## XIII.

## A PRAYER FOR A PERSON GOING TO SEA.

O ETERNAL and most merciful Jehovah, the Refuge and Protector of the sons of men: I lift up mine eyes unto thee, from whom alone cometh my help. Thou art the God of the sea, as well as of the dry land. Thou spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the ocean. At thy command, wind and storms arise; and, at thy



word, the waves are still. Support and preserve me, Almighty Father, I beseech thee, when embarked on the great deep. Guard me from its dangers, from sickness, from the violence of enemies, and from every evil to which I may be exposed. Save me above all, from that greatest of evils, the commission of sin and the forfeiture of thy friendship. Let me not utter thy name, but with the greatest reverence; nor forget, that to thee I owe my security, and that thou holdest my soul in life. May I see thy works and wonders in all the objects I behold; and fortify my heart, in seasons of peril, not by blind courage or brutal insensibility, but by living a godly, righteous, and sober life, and by placing unbounded confidence in thy wisdom and goodness. May it please thee to give success to my undertaking, to conduct me in safety to the haven where I would be, and to bring me back with a grateful sense of thy mercies, and with an invincible determination to spend all my days to thy glory, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Savior. Amen.

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#### XIV.

##### THANKSGIVING FOR A SAFE RETURN FROM TRAVELLING BY LAND OR WATER.

O Most gracious and all-powerful God, whose mercy is over all thy works, and who alone makest men to dwell in safety: I praise thy holy name, that thou hast been pleased to preserve me and to bring me back to my habitation in peace. Thou hast defended me by thy Providence from perils and death. I rejoice in thy goodness, and give thanks unto thee with my whole heart. O help me to manifest my thankfulness by employ-



ing the life which thou hast preserved, in a diligent obedience to thy commandments; and enable me at all times to cherish and exercise a filial trust in that paternal love, of which I have had continual experience. Pardon of thine infinite goodness whatever has been wrong in my conduct.— Let me not forget that I am but a sojourner here, and that I have no abiding place on earth. Let me ardently desire that better and heavenly country, for which all my present changes are intended to prepare me. And wherever I am, or whatever I may do, whilst I continue in this world, let me become more and more qualified for the blessedness of that city which hath foundations, through the riches of thy grace in Jesus Christ my Savior. Amen.

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## XV.

### A PRAYER FOR A PERSON ENGAGING IN ANY IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

GREAT and merciful God, I look up unto thee, who teachest man knowledge, and givest both the skill and the power to accomplish useful purposes. Thou art my Guide, and my Help; and without thee I can do nothing. Prosperity and adversity are dispensed by thee; and thou alone seest what is good for thy creatures. With submission to thy will, I implore thy blessing upon the work which is before me. Give me discretion and understanding to direct me. Preserve me from presumption, imprudence, indolence, and a confident expectation of success. Teach me to use with diligence and caution the means, which thou art pleased to afford me for the accomplishment of this design. Enable me, especially, I beseech thee, to maintain integrity and a good conscience.



May I form no plan and engage in no enterprise, that may endanger the property, the comfort, or the virtue of my fellow-men; but habitually dread and fly from every thing which may injure my neighbor. May I always act under the influence of the truth, that thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity, and that thou wilt reward every man according to his deeds. May I never fall into the temptations and snares of those, whose only aim is to be rich: but follow after justice, faith, love, patience, and meekness; and have the witness in mine own heart, that godliness with contentment is great gain. Should it please thee to crown my efforts with success, may I be duly thankful to thee, and make a worthy use of thy favors. Should disappointment await me, may I submit with resignation, bless thy name, and trust in thy Providence. Whatever be the event, O Lord, do thou keep me in the path of duty, in thy fear and thy love. Let me perform all things according to the directions of that blessed Redeemer, whose follower I desire to be. And, finally, vouchsafe to receive me into thine everlasting kingdom, through thine unspeakable love in Jesus Christ thy Son. Amen.

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## XVI.

A PRAYER FOR A PERSON UNDER SUFFERINGS OCCASIONED BY THE INJUSTICE OR MALICE OF OTHERS.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God! I lift my heart unto thee, the Refuge of the oppressed, the Friend and Patron of all thine upright servants. I bless thee, that no malice of men can rob me of thy love, and that, whatever I may suffer, thou hast encouraged me to put my trust in thy name.



Let it please thee, heavenly Father, to protect me by thy power, and to guide me by thy wisdom. If it appear good in thy sight, prosper my lawful endeavors to guard against injuries, and to secure that honest reputation, which is connected with usefulness in society. Should my exertions be unavailing, let me be comforted by the persuasion, that my witness is in heaven and my record on high. Help me to inspect my heart, and to review my life with the greatest seriousness, that I may see if there be any evil way in me; and do thou, the God of mercy, forgive all my forsaken sins, and enable me to become faultless and acceptable to thee. Pardon, I pray thee, all who have done or wished ill to me, and change their tempers and conduct. Give me grace to follow in all respects that Savior, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, threatened not, but committed himself to thee, the righteous Judge, and implored the salvation even of his murderers. And after faithfully doing and suffering thy will on earth, grant that I may be united with him in heaven, praise thee for all the wonderful ways of thy Providence, and triumph in thy grace forever and ever. Amen.

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## XVII.

### A PRAYER FOR A PERSON EXPOSED TO CONSIDERABLE PERILS OR PAINS.

O God, the refuge and strength of thy children! behold in mercy thy feeble and dependent creature, who flies to thee for assistance and protection. I have had much experience of thy goodness in every stage and condition of life, and in every affliction thy mighty hand has sustained me. Let it please thee to continue thy compassion, and to



uphold me in every hour of danger. Preserve me from all distressing fears, and establish my confidence in thy wise and gracious government. When my sorrows are enlarged, make haste for my deliverance, and bring me out of all my troubles, if it seem good to thee. In the midst of any pains which I may be appointed to endure, let my patience be perfected and my fortitude be supported by thy promises and the example of thy Son. And though my heart and my flesh should fail, be thou, O God, the strength of my heart; and vouchsafe to give me the portion of those, who shall be raised to the unfading joy and glory of heaven, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Savior. Amen.

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## XVIII.

### A PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, who hatest nothing that thou hast made! I desire humbly to own and to reverence thy hand in my present affliction. May my bodily suffering make my heart better, and lead me more justly to value health and strength, and to employ them to nobler purposes than I have done, if this sickness shall not be unto death.

With submission to thy will, I pray for the removal of my disorder and for the perfect restoration of my health. Endue me with resignation, patience, and meekness; under the pain of disease and the irksomeness of confinement. Above all, prepare me for death. Blot out my numerous imperfections and sins by thine infinite mercy in Christ Jesus. Purify my heart, and make it the seat of faith, charity, and hope. Dispose and help me to set my house in order, and to do what-



ever is necessary in regard to my great change. And when thou removest me hence, grant me an entrance into that world, where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick.

Into thy hands, heavenly Father, I commit myself, desiring, that no increase of pain may produce repining, that I may be numbered with those who love thee, and that I may find by experience all things and this sickness especially working my spiritual good. In every alteration, let thy promises be precious to my soul, that I may come off a conqueror through thy blessed Son, and sing thy praises forever and ever. Amen.

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## XIX.

### ANOTHER PRAYER FOR A SICK PERSON.

O LORD my God, who givest life and breath and all things to thy creatures, and who hast not thought even a crown of everlasting life too much to promise to thy children: thou wilt not deny me what is needful for my body and soul, in my passage through this world to that of honor and immortality. I would raise my heart unto thee with confidence in thine infinite compassion. Establish I beseech thee, in my soul the belief, that thou dost not willingly grieve the children of men, but intendest good to me by this thy fatherly correction. Wherein soever I have neglected thee or committed any offence against thy laws, make me deeply sensible of it and heartily sorrowful for all my transgressions. Mercifully accept my earnest desires of forgiveness, and prosper my serious resolutions to live more circumspectly and righteously in the time to come. Assist me, gracious Lord, to give a proof of the sincerity of my present prayers and professions, by patiently sub.



mitting to this distressing dispensation of thy Providence, and by cheerfully and meekly bearing whatever thou shalt inflict. Fill my mind with reverence of thy wisdom and authority, with a thankful remembrance of all thy past mercies, with an entire reliance on thy goodness, and with a supreme solicitude to delight in doing thy will.

Thou O God. art the author of every remedy, and thy power alone can check disease. I beseech thee to bless the means which are used for the recovery of my health; that I may live, if it be thy will, to perform my duties with greater care. But, if thou hast otherwise appointed, accept, I pray thee, of thine unspeakable goodness, the sincerity of my repentance, according to the covenant to which thou hast called me in Jesus Christ thy Son. Help me to finish the work which thou hast given me to do, and without delay to make every necessary preparation; that, when the time of my dissolution draws near, I may have nothing else to do, but to resign myself to thee. If I have injured any, I would be reconciled unto them, and die in peace with all men. And when I shall suffer the last conflicts of nature, grant, great God, that I may keep my mind steadfastly fixed on that Savior, who after he had shed his blood for the remission of sin, led the way through the grave unto heaven. And through him be everlasting praises presented unto thee from all the children of Adam. Amen.

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## XX.

A PRAYER FOR THE HEAD OF A FAMILY,  
UNDER APPREHENSIONS OF DEATH, IN  
ACTIVE LIFE.

GREAT and adorable God, in whose hands my



time and fate are reposed! hear the prayers of thine unworthy servant, and fortify my soul under the distresses which I feel. In the language of my Savior, who suffered for me, leaving me an example, I would say: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Spare me, I beseech thee, if it be agreeable to the purposes of thine infinite wisdom, that I may provide for my family and bring up my children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. But if thou callest me hence, be thou, O God, the husband of my companion, and the father of my offspring. Let thy kind Providence be their stay and support in this world, and thy love their inheritance in the world to come. Graciously supply their wants; protect them from injury; counsel them under every perplexity; and let them never by disobedience forfeit thy fatherly care. If I be no more in the world, holy Father! keep those whom thou hast given me; sanctify them through thy truth; and grant us a happy meeting in thy glorious presence above, through the infinite riches of thy grace, in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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## XXI.

A PRAYER FOR A SINCERE CHRISTIAN,  
WHEN THERE APPEARS BUT SMALL  
HOPE OF HIS RECOVERY.

GOD of the spirits of all flesh. Source of life and happiness, gracious Father and Friend! thou hast brought me to the gates of death, and the hour of my departure draweth nigh. Thou hast watched over me from my entrance into the world; thy tender mercy has followed me all my days;



and thou hast assured me of an incorruptible inheritance beyond the grave. Accept the thanks of thine unworthy servant for all thy loving kindness. Accept my thanks for the gift of thy Son, for the promise of forgiveness, for the precious hope of immortality. Thou hast gladdened and consoled me through the whole of my career with countless blessings and mercies, although I have not merited the smallest. Pardon of thine infinite goodness, my many imperfections and sins; and be pleased to accept my feeble, but sincere, endeavors to serve thee. Thou callest me away; and I am ready to follow. I rejoice, that all my conflicts and pains are drawing to a close. I rejoice that I shall soon be privileged to pay thee more worthily that homage which is due to thee. I know that in thy presence there is fullness of joy and pleasure for evermore. Keep me I beseech thee, my heavenly Father, in humble dependence on thy rich and free grace in my blessed Redeemer. Help me to suffer patiently like him, while I am visited with sickness, and like him to say at last, with immoveable confidence, "Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit."—Comfort the objects of my affection, when I am removed from the world; provide for them by thy paternal love; preserve them for thine everlasting kingdom. There may I find all for whom I am now particularly concerned, be united with every one whom I may have thought my foe, and triumph in thy redemption with all the children of Adam. Living or dying, I am thine; and thy will be done. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory through my Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.



## XXII.

A PRAYER FOR A PERSON RECOVERED  
FROM ALARMING SICKNESS.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and with tender mercies. I praise thee, great God, that, although thou hast chastened me, thou hast not given me over unto death. I praise thee, that thy powerful arm has arrested the progress of the destroyer, and helped me out of all my troubles. I thank thee for every comfort and alleviation of pain, with which thou hast been pleased to furnish me, and especially for the love of my friends and the promises of thy gospel. I acknowledge thine inexpressible goodness in restoring me from the brink of the grave, and from the anguish of suffering, to endeared connections, to enlivened hopes, to new opportunities and increased motives for cultivating Christian affections, for abounding in good works, and for laying up treasures in heaven.

O God, let not these opportunities be neglected by me, but be wisely improved to thy glory.

I have experienced thy power and compassion. May I ever live in the exercise of a grateful confidence in both, and be duly sensible of my total dependence upon thy Providence and government.

I have been brought to feel the realities of the world to come, the worth of thy favor, the value of a conscience void of offense. Almighty God! let the convictions which I have had of them never



be extinguished in my breast. Enable me at all times to entertain that humble contrition for my sins, and that penitential sense of my need of thy mercy, which the nearness of death was instrumental in producing. Help me to appreciate, as I ought, eternal things, and to do all that thou requirest, in order that I may secure thine approbation and friendship.

Thou hast enabled me to realize the vanity and uncertainty of the world. Preserve me from attaching too much importance to its pleasures, honors, and possessions; and assist me continually to remember how rapidly it is passing away.

Thou hast taught me, by sickness, the worth of friendship; and the offices of kindness, which have been performed for me, have, with thy blessing, cheered, supported, and kept me alive. My God, let me never be insensible of the love of those, whose hearts thou hast warmed with good will towards me. Make me ready to return their benevolence on every occasion. Let me be softened with humanity towards all that suffer; and let me never behold a sick-bed without sympathy and charity.

It was thy gospel, O thou God of all consolation in Christ Jesus, from which my hope was derived, when the shadows of death appeared to encompass me. The assurances which it contains of thy forbearance and mercy, and of eternal life through thy Son, were the only support of my spirit. O give me grace to cling with faster hold than ever to this rock of salvation, to abide in the love of Jesus, to follow him undismayed, and constantly to hope through him for redemption and celestial happiness.

Preserver of my being! thou hast now shown



me, how frail I am, hast given me a striking proof of the precariousness of life; and I know, that ere long, I shall bid farewell to all whom I now behold. May I be better prepared, than I have been for my departure hence. May I walk by faith, and not by sight. May I be concerned to be always ready, and to be found in that frame of mind which will enable me to welcome death as the messenger of peace.

Hear my prayers, I beseech thee; forgive my sins, and make me thine, forevermore, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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### XXIII.

#### A PRAYER FOR AN AWAKENED SINNER.

O THOU righteous and holy Being, from whom no secrets can be hid! I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to thee. Mine iniquities are increased over my head, and my trespass is grown up unto the heavens! I have slighted thine authority, forgotten the one thing needful, rebelled against thee, my Sovereign and my Father, and violated laws which are perfectly holy, just, and good. Unthankful for thy mercies, and despising thine instructions, I have cast off thy fear, pursued the pleasures of sin, and nearly destroyed myself. My example has corrupted and emboldened others in vice. I tremble, while I think of the injury which I may have done to my companions. I tremble, while I reflect upon the vile return which I have made to thee, the best of beings, and upon the gulf of ruin towards which I have been approaching. Hadst thou entered into judgment with me, and rewarded me according to my deserts, how awful would have been my



condition! Wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me and break the power of my evil habits? God of compassion, be merciful to me a sinner. Unworthy as I am, cast me not away from thy presence; deny me not the grace which thou hast encouraged me to implore; help, Lord, or I perish; save my sinking soul, and give me repentance unto life. Impute not unto me, I beseech thee, my transgressions; accept my humiliation and remorse; and grant me to say from experience, with thee there is plenteous forgiveness and redemption. Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Let not evil be present within me, when I would do good. Let me no longer run into the danger which I see. Let not unbelief and passion and temptation prevail against the convictions, which thou hast given me, of the malignity and danger of sin, of the vanity of the world, of the worth of the soul, and of the awfulness of eternity. Preserve me from being fatally hardened and blinded. And though I have dishonored thee and depraved myself; Almighty God, let thy Spirit operate upon my mind, and raise me up from the death of sin unto a life of righteousness.

Lord of life! cut me not off from the land of the living, until I am fit for death and judgment. Spare me to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Give me grace to become such as I ought to be, to counteract the evil effects of the criminal course I have pursued, to make restitution to those I have injured, and to teach transgressors thy ways.—Inspire me with a dread of relapsing into those iniquities, which have hidden from me the light of thy countenance. Whatever else may happen, whatever my vices and crimes may produce to me



let not the religious impressions of this moment be ever forgotten.

O Lord, I am guilty and deserving of thy wrath: but thou hast revealed to me, that thou wilt not despise the sacrifices of a broken spirit. My whole reliance is on thy mercy in Jesus Christ, whom thou hast set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, and who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto thee through him. In the name of this Mediator I offer up my prayers; and I desire to glory in his cross and to be accepted through him now and evermore. Amen.

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## XXIV.

### ANOTHER PRAYER FOR AN AWAKENED SINNER.

O THOU infinitely great and glorious Jehovah! I would raise my heart to thee as the all-wise and righteous Governor of heaven and earth. From the habitation of thy holiness, thou beholdest all the children of men. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity, wheresoever thou seest it; neither can evil dwell with thee.

I am convinced, great God, that thou hast an absolute right to my homage and allegiance.—Thou art my Maker and my Sovereign; thy laws are just and good in themselves, and adapted to answer the most beneficial purposes. Thou hast written thy will in the book of nature and the volume of revelation, and enforced it with the most solemn and awful sanction. Thou hast set life and death, heaven and hell before me; my body and my soul, with all their faculties and interests, are every moment in thy hand. And yet,



in how many instances, have I revolted from thee, and disregarded thy salutary counsels and commands! how far has my heart been from thy service and thine ordinances! what corrupt desires and passions have I harbored! what an excessive fondness for the world have I discovered! how foolishly have I preferred temporal gratifications and pursuits to eternal joys! how greatly must my behavior and example have injured my fellow creatures! and what distress, disorder, and remorse, have I prepared by my vices for my own soul!—And, O thou most compassionate Father and Friend of the human race, how much more aggravated are my offenses, when considered as committed against the experience I have had of thy loving kindness, against the endearing ties of gratitude, as well as against the obligations of duty and interest! Thou hast nourished and brought me up as thy child; and yet I have rebelled against thee. Thou hast been my Guardian, my Guide, my unwearied Benefactor, to thee I am indebted for all my worldly comforts; to thy rich and free grace I owe the discoveries and invitations of the gospel, the offers of pardon, and the hope of eternal felicity through the mediation of Christ Jesus thy Son. And yet, how have I abused thy goodness, misapplied my advantages, despised thy grace, and rejected the offers of life and salvation!

Blessed God, I confess my guilt; I am sensible, that thy favor is life; I feel that I must perish, if I remain far from thee. Have mercy upon me, miserable offender; and teach me so to think on my ways, as to make haste and not delay to keep thy commandments. I adore thy forbearance in lengthening out the space given me for repent-



ance, though I have so long neglected this great and necessary work; and I pray, that I may no longer draw back from the yoke of duty. Give me, O Lord, abiding views of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of the growing power of evil habits, and of the vanity of expecting greater assistances of thy Holy Spirit, if I resist those which thou hast already afforded me. Enable me carefully to cherish every serious impression that may be made on my mind, and diligently to improve all the helps with which I am favored.— Dispose me to seek thee whilst thou mayst be found, and to call upon thee whilst thou art near. Assist me to learn that lesson which I am so slow to learn. and inspire me with a taste for the pleasures of religion and devotion. Spiritualize my affections; ennoble my pursuits; quicken my desires and endeavors; and grant, that with full purpose of heart I may cleave unto thee the Lord.

Gracious God, though I have sinned against light and knowledge. and have justly deserved to forfeit all thy friendship. yet I would rejoice that with thee my help is found. Thou art ready to receive the penitent, and art waiting to be gracious to them. Thou hast sent thine only-begotten Son to seek and to save those that are lost. Reconcile me to thyself, and forgive and accept of me, for thy mercy's sake in him. And grant, that, being made free from sin and become a servant to thee, I may possess peace of heart, have my fruit unto holiness. and in the end receive the unspeakable and unmerited gift of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



## XXV.

## A PRAYER FOR A PERSON, RECOVERED FROM A NEGLIGENT MIND TO A SERIOUS VIEW OF RELIGIOUS TRUTH.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful God, the just and equitable Ruler of the children of men! behold in mercy thy frail and forgetful child, who turns unto thee with a penitent and humble heart.—Blessed be thy name, that I am brought to see how careless and unprofitable I am. Blessed be thy name, that, though I have been greatly inconsiderate and negligent, thy Providence and grace have prevented me from falling into presumptuous and atrocious transgressions. But while I thank thee, my heavenly Father, for the restraints which have been laid upon me; I confess with shame, that I have often been unmindful of what I owe to thee and thy beloved Son, and that I have not been duly influenced by the principles of thy sacred gospel. I have not been diligent in advancing the welfare of my fellow-men, have often lost sight of the concerns of my own soul and of the world to come, have been estranged from the worship and love of thee, have not been studious to govern my heart, to raise above grovelling views, and to live by faith in him who loved me and gave himself for me. But I purpose before thee, who knowest my heart with all its frailties, no longer to be like those who are without God in the world. And I beseech thee, from whom wisdom and virtue proceed, to forgive the levity, the vanity, the folly, the worldly mind, with which I have been chargeable, and to inspire me with that Christian temper which I have neglected to cultivate. O give me fervent desires and abiding resolutions to serve and love thee, and to press



towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. Excite me to diligence in reading, meditation, and prayer. Assist me to delight in the ordinances of thy house, and in the study of thy holy word. Arm me against the influence of vain customs, and of careless companions. Lead me to make the regulation of my own mind, and the practice of a pious and virtuous life, my chief care and business. Help me to keep the instructions and the model of my blessed Redeemer habitually before mine eyes, to confess his name without fear before men, to follow no other maxims but his, to labor and cherish concern for his glorious cause, and to employ my powers and possessions in the service of society according to his precepts. I would no longer live, with my wishes and endeavors all centering here; but as a candidate for immortality, as a being who expects a judgment and an eternal state, as the disciple of a risen Redeemer who will come again and take his faithful followers to his own heavenly glory.

Gracious God, be pleased to pardon my sins, to accept this act of self-devotion, and to establish my holy purposes. I have sworn, that I will keep thy righteous statutes. Do thou give me strength to fulfill my vows, to grow in grace; and let nothing ever be able to separate me from the love of thee in Christ Jesus my Lord. Amen.

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## XXVI.

**A PRAYER FOR A SINCERE PENITENT, DISTRESSED BY THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH ATTEND HIS CHRISTIAN IMPROVEMENT.**

FATHER of mercies, whose strength upholds the weak! I come to thee for protection and assist-



ance, and rejoice that thou hast encouraged me to seek thy face. I have experienced that thou art good, and praise thee for what thou hast already done for my soul. From what threatening dangers has thy paternal love delivered me! what everlasting gratitude is due to thee for opening the eyes of my mind, and affecting my heart with a sense of my duty to thee! what tribute can I offer, expressive of that divine goodness, to which it is owing, that I am not blind and dead in trespasses and sins, and that I have not been cut off from this probationary state, unconcerned about the fate which awaits me!

O God, I adore thee as my Father and my Savior, and bless thee for the merciful promises which thou hast given me through thy Son. But I confess and lament, before thee, my weakness and unfruitfulness. I lament the sins, which so easily beset me. I lament the difficulties in discharging my obligations, which are the sad effects of my former carelessness and wickedness. I lament the wanderings of my mind, the coldness of my affections, the power which past follies and transgressions still exercise too frequently over my imagination. I confess, that I deserve to suffer, and that thou art righteous in all thy ways and doings. But I beseech thee, Almighty God, to strengthen me by thy Spirit in the inner man, and to preserve me from fainting under the tribulations which attend me. O bend my will more perfectly to thine; and let none of those things, which once subdued me, any longer prove a snare. Thou knowest, that I hunger and thirst after righteousness: give success, I pray thee, to my endeavors, my watchfulness, my supplications. Cleanse me from every pollution both of the mind and the



flesh; and cause me to know, that blessed is the man that endureth temptation. Save me from presumption and from despair of success. Teach me to labor with diligence, and to confide in thee. And grant me to realize, that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that the path of the righteous is like the morning light, which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

My soul looks for help unto thee, who art able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think. And unto thee be glory by Christ Jesus, world without end. Amen.

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## XXVII.

**A PRAYER FOR AN UPRIGHT CHRISTIAN,  
DISTRESSED BY FEARS RESPECTING HIS  
FINAL ACCEPTANCE AND SALVATION.**

O THOU, before whose eyes all things are naked and open, who triest the reins of the children of men! I fly to thee oppressed with sadness and fear. Thou hast invited the weary and heavy-laden to partake of mercy: receive me, thy sorrowful suppliant, and revive my fainting soul.—Thou delightest not in the misery of thy creatures: heal thou the wounds of my heart. I confess, O my God, that my sins have deserved more grievous punishments than I feel, and that it would be impossible for me to abide thy strict inquisition: but I plead the wonderful expressions of thy love and compassion to the contrite and humble, which are contained in thy word. Hast thou not declared, that all thy thoughts are thoughts of peace, and not of evil? Hast thou not assured thy people, that, although a mother should forget her child, yet thou wilt not forget



or forsake thine offspring? Hast thou not so loved the world as to give thine only-begotten Son for us, and wilt thou not with him freely give us all things which we need?

O Lord, thou knowest my frame and rememberest that I am but dust. Thou art acquainted with my frailties and apprehensions. Thou seest that, infirm and guilty as I am, my soul thirsteth for thee the living God, as the hart panteth after the water brooks. Be pleased to forgive my sins, to pardon my despondency; and help me to serve thee with a quiet and cheerful heart. Remove my disease, whether of body or of mind, if this seem good to thine infinite wisdom: and forbid that I should entertain one thought injurious to thee and dishonorable to the clemency of thy character as revealed in thy gospel. Preserve me from delusion; dispel my doubts; confirm my faith in thy promises; clothe me with the garments of salvation. Above all, I beseech thee to give me grace perfectly to do and to suffer thy will. Help me to bring forth more of the fruits of the Spirit; that I may have the evidence in my temper and life, that I am led by thy Spirit, and am authorized to call thee Abba, Father. Whatever conflicts I may now have to sustain, let me persevere in well-doing with increasing zeal and delight, persuaded that thou art greater and better than my heart, and wilt not reject any that sincerely seek thy face through him whom thou hast appointed the Mediator of our race. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Amen.



## XXVIII.

A PRAYER FOR A COMMUNICANT, BEFORE  
THE CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUP-  
PER.

SUPREMEY exalted and adorable God, unto whom all hearts are open! I desire to worship thee as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. I adore thine unspeakable goodness in raising up this great Deliverer from sin and death, for a benighted, guilty, and ruined world. I praise thee for the spiritual and heavenly blessings which thou hast bestowed upon me through his mediation, crucifixion, and resurrection. What gracious instructions flowed from his tongue!—What spotless purity marked his life! What love and zeal filled his heart! With what patience and kindness did he seek those that were lost!—What astonishing miracles attested his mission! What a miracle of benevolence was exhibited in his painful and bloody death on the cross! How triumphantly did he conquer the grave and ascend to thy throne in heaven! Gracious God, how complete is his redemption, how amazing thy benignity, how attracting and transporting the thought of my Savior's compassion and victory! What could have been done for thy rebellious offspring, that has not been done? What light, what comfort, what encouragement, what hope can I need, which the gospel of Christ Jesus does not abundantly supply?

O thou who seest in secret! I confess that I am unworthy of my Christian privileges, and that I have not adorned my profession in all respects, as I ought to have done, by a holy walk and conversation. Who can tell how oft he offendeth? My



Heart condemns me in many things; and I am grieved, when I consider, in how small a degree I possess the spirit and temper of my Lord.— Help thou me to examine and judge myself, that I may not be condemned by thee. Lead me, I beseech thee, to a full acquaintance with the state of my soul, and prepare me for the holy exercises to which I am called. Save me from all delusion, pride, and self-deceit. Forgive, of thine infinite goodness, every offense which I have committed; and accept the renewal which I am about to make of my vows.

Thou invitest me to the memorial of my Savior's dying love; and blessed be thy name for this means of enkindling and increasing my affection and gratitude to him. Take me into thy holy keeping, and grant that I may experience no distraction of mind. Let me not be an unfurnished guest, to whom it may be justly said, "how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?" Let me approach the ordinance, with penitence, thankfulness, and faith, with love and charity to all mankind. Eating the bread and drinking the cup, which Jesus instituted, let me embrace and hold fast the covenant of mercy, and find redemption through his blood. Direct me to profitable meditations upon what he said, did, and suffered; and let the remembrance of his life, his sacrifice, and his glory, comfort, support, and strengthen me, in life and death.

Heavenly Father! be thou with thy servant who ministers to me in the sanctuary, with my fellow communicants, with all my Christian brethren, and with every human being. Dispose all, who encircle thine altar, to feel and to act as friends, partakers of the same grace, and heirs of



one blissful inheritance through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

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## XXIX.

### A PRAYER FOR A COMMUNICANT, AFTER THE CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

FATHER of mercies, and God of love! thou hast caused thy goodness to pass before me this day. Follow with thy blessing what I have been permitted and enabled to perform, in obedience to the injunction of thy Son, my Lord. If thy pure eyes have seen any thing culpable in my religious services, I beseech thee to pardon me. Let not the pious reflections which have occupied my attention, or the purposes which I have formed, in the company of my fellow-worshippers, and in showing forth the death of Jesus, ever be strange to my heart.

I have avowed thee, the Lord, to be my God, engaging to keep thy commandments and to hearken to thy voice. I have confessed thy Son before men, publicly receiving his testimony, solemnly acknowledging him to be my divine Master and Guide, my Savior and Forerunner in the path of holiness and glory. O forbid, that I should ever make shipwreck of faith, by not holding fast a good conscience. Preserve me from the smallest degree of that spirit, which works in the children of disobedience. Preserve me from proving faithless to my vows, and from bringing reproach on the Christian name. Help me to follow the Lamb, whithersoever he goeth; to abide in him, the true vine; and to stand fast in the liberty wherewith he hath made his disciples



free. Enable me at all times to remember his new command, that we should love one another, even as he has loved us. Save me from the shocking inconsistencies and the dreadful fate of those, who call him Lord, Lord, but unto whom he will say, "Depart from me ye that work iniquity." Raise my affections from earth to heaven; and assist me to be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

Merciful Father, I have found that it is good for me to draw nigh unto the table of my crucified and exalted Redeemer. Make me habitually attentive to this cheering institution. While I thereby learn to value the Savior and his gospel more, let me rejoice in the persuasion, that there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, and that through him we have mercy and the forgiveness of sin. May I be privileged to come with boldness to thy throne, in his name, and his peace keep my heart in every changing scene. May I regard it as my highest honor, to be his disciple, and an instrument for advancing his kingdom among men. May I triumph in this, that my Lord, who was once dead, lives and reigns forever, and that where he is his faithful followers shall also be. When he comes to judge the world, may he not be ashamed of me, but receive me into his own mansions of love and joy.

Once more, O thou Parent of all! I implore thy blessing upon thy church universal, and upon the whole human family. Comfort every sorrowful soul. Bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and gone astray. Comfort all such as are in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity. Lead all Christians to be careful to maintain good works. Let thy grace be multiplied upon the religious society of which I am a member, and upon



the pastor of the flock. Let all with whom I am connected, and who are dear to me, be enrolled in the book of life; and let them and me be brought to sing the praises of God and of the Lamb forever and ever. Amen.

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### XXX.

#### A GENERAL PRAYER, WHICH MAY BE USED AT ANY TIME.

O God, the Maker and Governor of the world! I thine unworthy servant, would appear before thee, under the deepest sense of thy perfections and of my total dependence upon thy Providence and grace. I rejoice that I am privileged to worship thee, whose glories are far exalted above all that I can conceive, and before whom the hosts of heaven bow down with the profoundest reverence. I adore thee as possessed of all-comprehending knowledge, unerring wisdom, unlimited power, impartial justice, unbounded goodness, unspotted purity, uncangeable truth and faithfulness. I acknowledge thee to be the giver of all good gifts, and the disposer of all events. I confess, that thy favor alone is life, and that I cannot be happy without thy love. I am sensible, that thou art the tenderest Father and best Friend to thy creatures, prescribing only such laws to them as are highly salutary, ever disposed to lead them to their true felicity, ready to promote and assist their sincere endeavors to obtain it, and constantly exercising thy perfections for this purpose. Precious is the thought of thee to all who are acquainted with thy character and who study to accomplish thy gracious designs. Worthy art thou of the homage, affection, and obedience of all intelligent beings in heaven and on earth.



I praise thee, O Lord, that amidst the multitude of thy creatures and subjects, I am not forgotten and overlooked ; but that thou knowest, and lovest, and providest for me, as thy child, with paternal care. I praise thee, that thou hast preserved me from many calamities and sufferings. I thank thee for all the powers of my nature, for the satisfactions and comforts of society, for the kindness of my relations and friends, for every domestic enjoyment, for the measure of health and prosperity, with which I am favored, and for all those outward conveniences and advantages which thou hast been pleased to give me. I thank thee, that thou hast formed me after thine own image, made me free and intelligent, and destined me for an immortal existence. I bless thee for all the assistances which I have received for the cultivation of my mind, and for all the means of education and religion. Above all, I desire to bless thee for the mission and gospel of Christ Jesus, thy well-beloved and only-begotten Son. I bless thee for the satisfactory evidences he gave, that he was truly sent by thee for the salvation of the world. I bless thee for his divine instructions, for his perfect example, and for all his labors and sufferings. I bless thee for his humbling himself even to the death of the cross, and shedding his blood for the remission of our sins ; for his resurrection from the grave, and for his entrance into heaven as our Captain and Forerunner. I bless thee for the effusion of the Holy Spirit upon his Apostles, for the propagation of his doctrines, and for the preservation of his church. How rich is the grace, which I have received through his mediation ! How wonderfully hast thou provided for my improvement, my comfort, and my everlasting



welfare! What can I render unto thee, in return for that mercy, to which alone it is to be ascribed, that I am not wandering in a land of darkness, superstition and idolatry, that I am not the victim of fear and despair? What gratitude do I owe to thy dear Son, who submitted to the most cruel death, that I might rejoice in the hope of thy compassion and in the assurance of eternal life and glory! Never, O God, can I repay, never can I fully express or worthily praise thee for all that thou hast done for my soul, for all the benefits which thou art continuing to bestow upon me from day to day.

Encouraged, merciful Father, by the invaluable promises of my Lord and Savior, I draw near unto thy throne, to intreat of thee the pardon of whatever thou hast seen amiss in me. I confess to thee, that my sins and infirmities are many and great, and that I could not expect any portion of thy favor, if thou shouldst be extreme to mark and to punish what is wrong. But it is the consolation and support of my mind, that thou hast sent Jesus Christ to save us from our sins, and that thou art pleased to accept the upright endeavors of the humble and penitent to reform whatever has been criminal in their hearts and conduct.—Forgive, I beseech thee, every willful thought, disposition, word, and deed, which has been displeasing in thy sight; and vouchsafe to justify me upon those terms, which thy holiness and mercy have laid down in the gospel. I do willingly and entirely forgive all, who may have injured or offended me. If I have done wrong to any, I am ready to make all possible reparation. I seriously renounce all communication with whatsoever thou has forbidden, and devote myself



to thy service and the performance of thy will. I am persuaded that these are indispensable qualifications for thy favor ; and earnestly beseech thee to give success to my purposes, by the influences of thy Spirit, and the dispensations of thy Providence.

May I never go astray from the truth as it is in Jesus, but seek for it with an impartial and unprejudiced mind, be delivered from those passions which hinder its discovery, and obey it from the heart. May I be animated by that faith which overcomes the world, which purifies the soul, and which works by love. May I be filled with that hope, which will not suffer me to be ashamed, but will cause me to run with patience the race set before me. May I be possessed of that charity, which is the end of the commandment, and without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee. May I cherish a constant regard to thee as my Ruler and Judge, worship thee with a thankful and resigned temper, praise thee with gladness, and rejoice in thy protection. May I be concerned to resemble my honored Master in every divine and amiable disposition, and imbibe his zeal, his devotion, his fortitude, his humility, his compassion, and benevolence. May I delight, like him, in doing good ; and press forward with unremitting ardor towards the mark of the prize of my high calling.

My outward condition, O Lord, it is my happiness and duty to refer wholly to thy wisdom.— With submission to thy will. I implore from thee those things which are necessary to the security and comfort of life ; and pray, that I may be preserved from great calamities and afflictions, if this be consistent with thy gracious purposes. Lead



me in that path, which thou seest to be best for me. Help me to become perfectly contented, to repose unlimited confidence in thy government, and to improve health and sickness, joy and sorrow, to thy glory. May I so pass through things temporal, as not to forget the things which are eternal. May I so use the world, as not to abuse it. Moderate in my desires for its good things, temperate in every lawful gratification, and patient under every disappointment, trial, or suffering, may I constantly aspire to a higher bliss than any which can here be obtained, lay a good foundation against the time to come, and daily look forward to the glory which is about to be revealed to thy faithful servants. May I behold the approach of death with peace and satisfaction; and, when my course is finished, be removed from this mixed state of discipline to the land of unfading happiness and perfect love.

I praise thee, O God, that thou art the merciful Parent of all men; and I beseech thee to have compassion upon, and to save every individual of the human family. Be pleased to bless my friends, to reward my benefactors, and to take into thy holy keeping the family with which I am connected. Visit with thy light and comfort all who are afflicted with sickness and pain. Console and cheer all who are distressed in mind. Provide for the relief of those, who are suffering want. Pity the widow and orphan; gladden the hearts of such as mourn the loss of those they loved; hear the cries of the persecuted and oppressed; be nigh unto all who are in circumstances of peril. Turn the ungodly to the love and fear of thy name; support and strengthen every upright soul; give rest and joy to every weary and heavy-laden sinner.—



Spread the gospel of Christ Jesus throughout the earth; put an end to all war, strife, tyranny, and injustice; and let every nation become virtuous, enlightened, and happy. Direct our rulers; preserve our liberties; prosper our citizens; assist us to become a righteous people, whom thou wilt bless and protect; and let all our institutions for the education of youth, and for the maintenance and diffusion of pure religion, be crowned with success.

Accept, O God, I beseech thee, these sentiments and desires of my heart, which I offer up in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ; through whom I trust for the acceptance of my person, and all my sincere, but imperfect services. And unto thee be endless praise and glory. Amen.



The first of these is the fact that the medical profession is not a homogeneous body. There are many different schools of thought and many different methods of practice. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but it does make it difficult to reach a consensus on many issues. The second is the fact that the medical profession is often in conflict with other groups, such as the government, the public, and the insurance industry. This can make it difficult to implement changes that are in the best interests of the patient. The third is the fact that the medical profession is often in a position of financial disadvantage. This can make it difficult to attract and retain the best talent. The fourth is the fact that the medical profession is often in a position of social disadvantage. This can make it difficult to attract and retain the best talent. The fifth is the fact that the medical profession is often in a position of political disadvantage. This can make it difficult to implement changes that are in the best interests of the patient.

These are some of the challenges that the medical profession faces. It is important to recognize these challenges and to work to overcome them. Only then can we hope to improve the quality of medical care and to ensure that every patient has access to the best possible care.

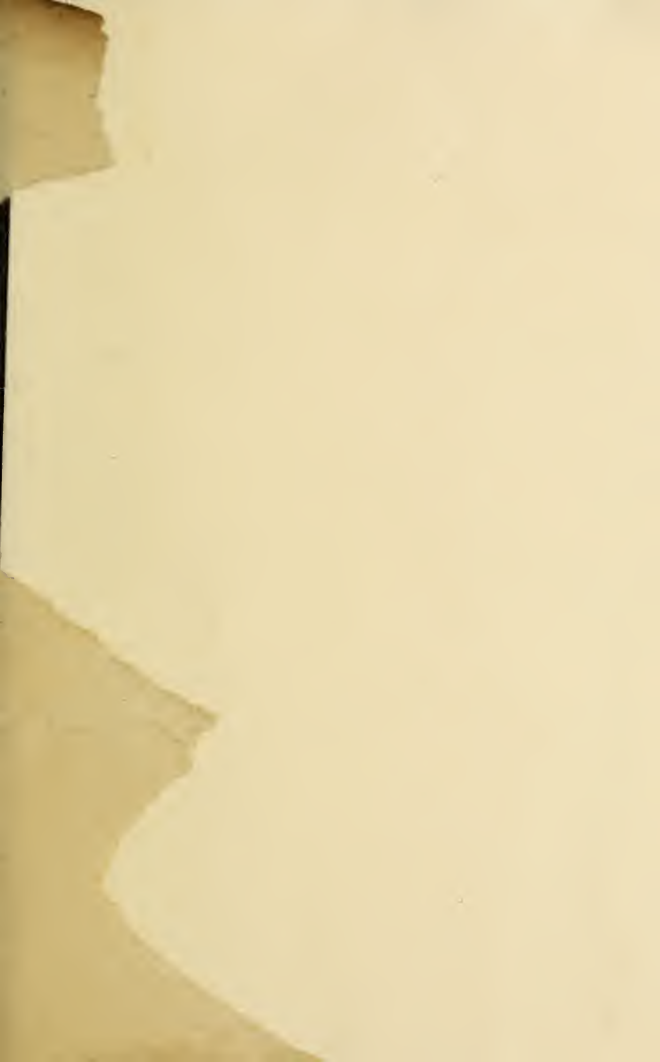




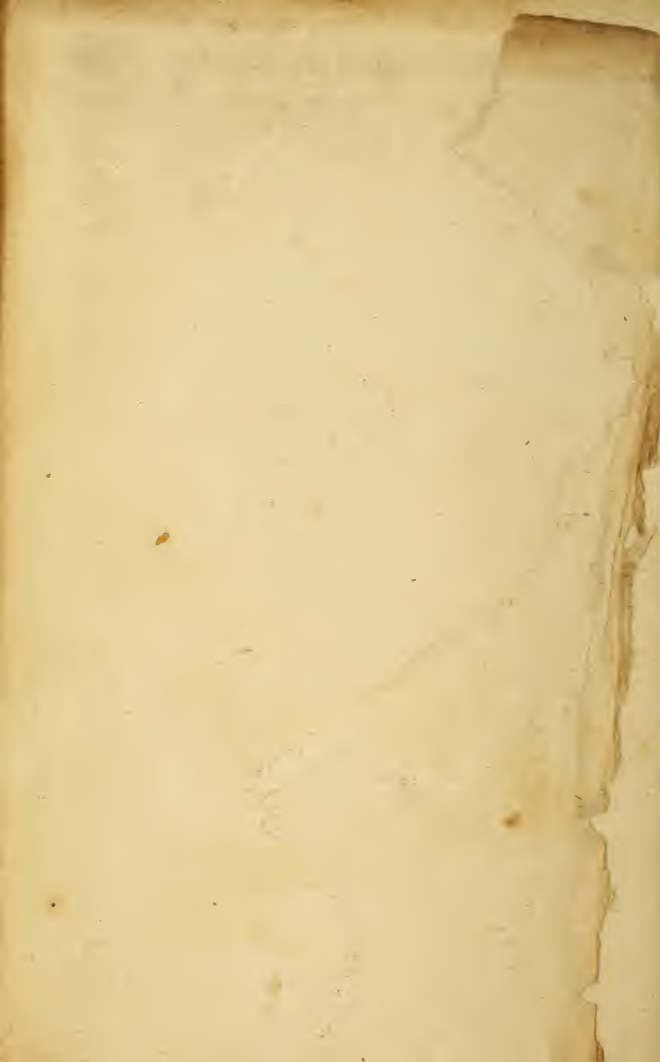








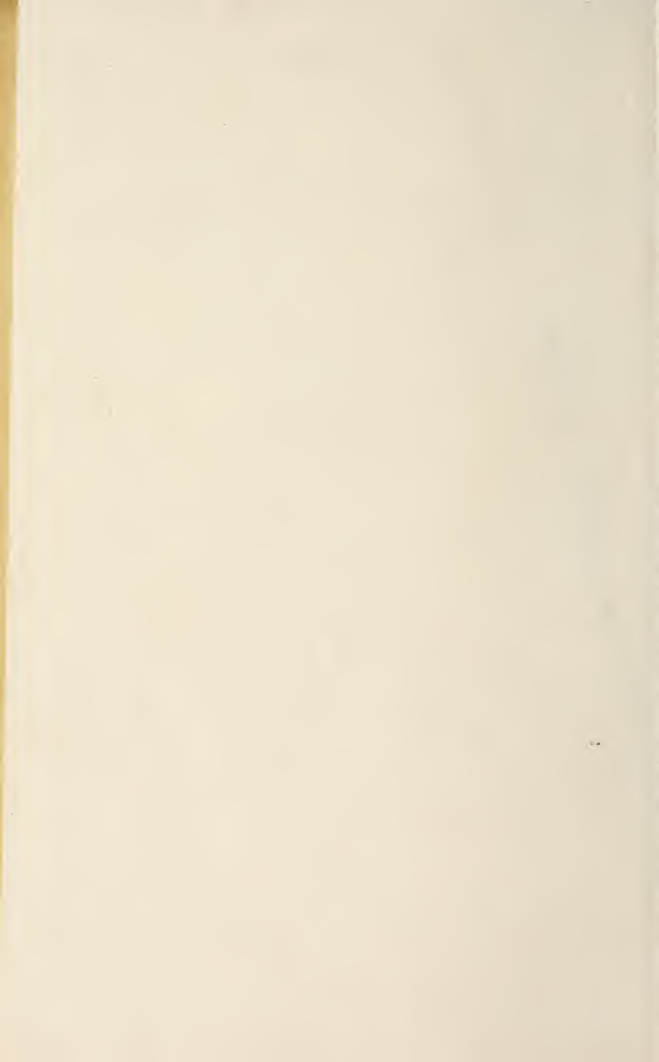














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